

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. V. No. 9.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1904.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.
50c. per year

A Little Useless Life

By Maris St. Clair

Come here, Lilla, and let me fix you up before I start ironing. I want to get done before it gets very warm today if I can; and young Mrs. Brown stepped briskly across the little verandah to the swinging hammock and shook up the pillows and laid them smoothly.

In answer to her call, a little girl appeared from the doorway.

Poor child, she was badly deformed; she hobbled, or rather swung along, on two crutches, one foot only touching the ground, the other was much shorter.

The woman raised her in her arms and placed her in the hammock. There, how is that, Lilla? she asked.

It's lovely, mamma; so soft and nice, said the little one; how good you are to me, mammy! She wound her tiny arms round the woman's neck as she bent over her, and drew her face down to her own, and looked fondly into her eyes. I must go, Lilla, said Mrs. Brown. Oh, how I wish I could help you, mammy! said Lilla; how much longer will it be, do you think? You must be good and patient, Lilla, dear, and perhaps it won't be long, replied the woman, then she kissed the child and left her.

As she stepped into her neat little kitchen she wiped a tear from her eyes on the corner of her apron.

Poor little mite; she murmured to herself; I haven't the heart to tell her. Cyrus ought to a done it tho. long ago.

Mrs. Brown had finished her ironing by half past ten. She folded her blanket and put it away, smoothed her bonny brown hair and stepped outside just as the latch of the garden gate clicked and a round rosy little woman came up the gravelled path. How do, Mrs. Brown! she said, as she came up to her.

live! How did you manage to get out so early? Why, John had to bring some garden truck in, an' he said if I'd a mind to Land sakes! If it ain't Mrs. Jenkins, as I come this far he'd call for me 'bout two o'clock. What's the time now? It's just a quarter to eleven; come on in and rest you a bit. Sure, I ain't a bit tired, said Mrs. Jenkins, as she followed her friend into the house.

Take off your bonnet and come and set at the window, it's real cool here, said Mrs. Brown, as she drew up the big rocker and then seated herself near it. It's a real neat little place you've got, Liddy, ain't it? It's in a pretty part, too.

It ain't bad, but it might be better, returned the other. I thought to a had a heap nicer things by now.

Oh, I mind! you was going to get a side-board and a orgin, wasn't you?

Yes, an' a new carpit, an' some plecters, an' lots o' things, but I ain't got em nor ain't likely to, the way things is shapin. There! of course you've heard 'bout Cyrus, ain't you?

'Bout Cyrus! No, I ain't, Liddy. I ain't heerd a word chile, ain't he workin' at the sawmill?

Yes, he is. I thought you'd heard or I wouldn't a said anything. I thought as everybody knowd.

Well, what is it then? I ain't heerd anything; he ain't drinkin' agen, is he?

Yes, he is; you won't talk 'bout it, will you, Pollie?

You know I ain't that kind, Liddy. Well, well! who'd a thought it, after all the trouble he's had through drink, too; that minds me, how's the child, Liddy? Where is she?

She's in the hammock out there; didn't you see her as you come in?

I seen the hammock, but I didn't see anybody in it.

She's asleep, I reckon; she rests better there than in bed. I'll jest step out an' see, cos I don't want as she should hear me speak 'bout her father. She's fast asleep, she said, as she returned; she's got the handkerchief over her face; she always does that 'fore she sleeps.

She don't know 'bout her father, then, Miss Jenkins continued.

Laws, no; she never dreams; she'd just break her heart, I do b'leve, if she knew. He don't drink such a great lot, either; I

do believe if they'd pay the men every week 'twould be all right; but it's a month and sometimes six weeks or more, and then, of course, they've got to have a spree, and Cy, he says if he hung back his job ud soon be vacant; so there 'tis. I don't know what to do. If 'twasn't fer Lilla, tho, I know what ud happen; I'd go home for a spell—home to the old folks—and when he was done his sprees he could come for me; but I can't expect 'em to be bothered with her as well.

She's his'n; she ain't yourn, said her

friend. Cyrus ought to be 'shamed of hisself, he did, an' you've always bin so good to her, too; he ought to be thankful fer that.

As to that, Pollie, I've only done my duty to the poor little soul; she's a dear, good child, too. I just couldn't leave her, and she so helpless. And to think that 'twas all along of his drinking, that she got hurt, went on Mrs. Jenkins; there was some talk of her getting over it one time, if she got strong enough to operate, wasn't there?

Well, may be there was; I can't say 'bout that. I knows they always made out to her



"A Child shall Lead Them."



"After all," sighed the old bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison."

"Perhaps it is," rejoined the happy wife and mother, "to those who thrust solitary confinement upon themselves."

First Boy—My papa knows more than your papa does.

Second Boy—I bet he doesn't. Did you ever see my papa? His forehead reaches 'way to the back of his head.

The Parson (meeting Johnny, who is just returning from a bath)—Johnny, can you tell me where little boys who bathe on Sunday go to?

Johnny—Yes, sir. Yer come along o' me and I'll show yer.

"Are you sure you love me for myself alone?" asked the maid with the lemon-tinted hair.

"No," answered the smitten young man, "I cannot tell a lie. I love you for myself also."—Chicago Daily News.

Teacher—Tommy, when was Rome built?

Tommy—In the night.

Teacher—How came you to make such a mistake?

Tommy—You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day.

Aunt Dorothy—How many Commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glibly)—ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine!

An unmarried preacher in a neighboring town, who was young and new in the harness, was leading the services at a young folks' meeting. "Oh, Lord," he prayed with fervent eloquence, "give us all clean hearts, pure hearts, humble hearts, sweet hearts." A titter went around the congregation, but the girls all responded "Amen!"—Poetone (Ill.) Vedette.

The obliging clerk had taken down piece after piece of goods until he could hardly see over the pile on the counter:

"I don't care to purchase today," remarked the shopper, as she turned away; I was only looking for a friend."

"There is one more piece on the shelf, madam," said the clerk; "your friend may be behind that."

"Why dae ye no' buy your meat off me noo?" asked a Glasgow butcher of one of his old customers who had recently taken to dealing with an opposition shop.

"Weel," replied the old woman, "the last I got frae ye I could hae soled ma buits wi' it."

"An' why did ye no' dae it?" asked the butcher, sarcastically.

"So I wud if I could hae got tacks tae gang through't."—Tit-Bits.

School teachers sometimes ask their pupils queer questions, if one may believe a story told by the youngest member of the Withington family.

His mother one morning discovered a shortage in her supply of cherry pies baked the day before, and her suspicions fell upon Johnny.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know what became of that cherry pie that was on the second shelf in the pantry?"

"Yes, mother," he replied; "I ate it. But I had to."

"You had to!" exclaimed his astonished mother. "What do you mean, child?"

"The teacher asked us yesterday if any of us could tell her how many stones there are in a cherry pie, and I couldn't find out without eating the whole pie, could I? There's just forty-two."

Isabel (to her mother)—"Oh! I was awfully scared today. John and I were out taking a walk, and we met the minister, and John asked him to join us."

"I am surprised that Gayboy didn't pay you. I thought the fellow had good points." "So have pins—yet they'll stick you!"—Judge.

Biggs—"My, but you have large ears!"

Diggs—"Yes. All I lack is your brains to be a perfect donkey!"—Chicago News.

"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am?" asked the cook. "I don't exactly know," replied the young housewife, "but cook them until they are real tender."—Chicago Post.

Teacher—I am so glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lessons.

Little Boy—Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses.

A six year old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

"Now, my little girls and boys," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin



"Gently Now."

drop." In a moment all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out, "Let her drop!"

"Our mamma is very kind to us. Every time we drink our cod liver oil without crying we get five cents each." "And what do you do with the money?" "Mamma buys more oil with it."

Schoolboy—"Did you know about that baby that was fed on elephant's milk, and gained twenty pounds a day?"

Schoolmaster (indignantly)—"No, I didn't. Whose baby was it? Answer me or I'll thrash you!"

Schoolboy—"The elephant's baby."

Mrs. Youngwed—You know Uncle Pincher said he was going to send us something that would help us to save our coal bills this year? Well, it came.

Mr. Youngwed—Really? A stock of coal?

Mrs. Youngwed—No. A little arrangement for filing bills.

"Say, Doc, if you happen to be out our way any time, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She don't seem to be feeling very well."

"What ails her? What are some of her symptoms?"

"I dunno. This morning, after she'd milked the cows and fed the pigs and got breakfast for the men and washed the dishes and built a fire under the boiler in the wash house and done a few little odd jobs round the house, she complained of feeling tired like. I shouldn't wonder if her blood was poor, and I guess she needs a dose of medicine."

Dix—"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

Hix—"Sure thing. Why, she won't put a porous-plaster on my chest until she's embroidered my initials on it."—New York Mail and Express.

Mistress (angrily)—"I thought you said you could do plain sewing."



New Maid—"So I did, ma'am."

Mistress—"Just look at the stitches in this apron you made. I can see them across the room."

New Maid—"Yes, ma'am. Isn't that plain enough to satisfy you, ma'am?"—Chicago Daily News.

"You admit you stole the melons?" said the judge. "Oh, yes, suh—I stole 'em!" "And yet you ask for mercy?" "Yes, suh—kase de white man kitched me fo' I had a chance ter eat um!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A canvassing lady named Green

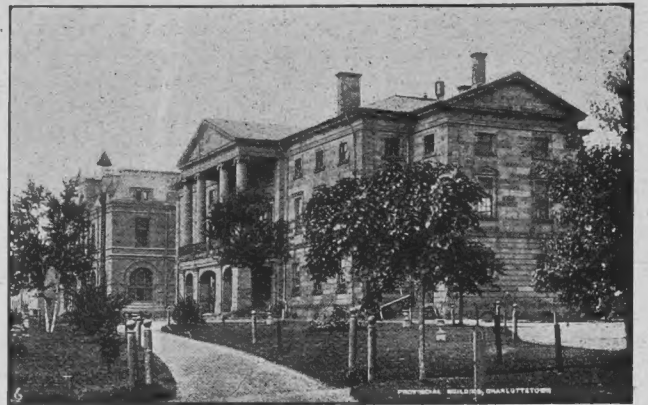
Said to Jones: "Buy a talking machine?"

"I've got one," he said, And he nursed his poor head.

"She's the strongest that ever was seen."—Salt Lake Herald.

Cholly—Why did you discharge your man?

Aigy—He was too ignowant. When evah I was writing a lettah and wanted to know how to spell a word, he had to look in the dictionawy."



Teacher—"In the sentence, 'Mary milks the cow,' what is the word cow?"

Johnny—"Cow is a noun, feminine gender, and stands for Mary."

Teacher—"What nonsense! Why does cow stand for Mary?"

Johnny—"So Mary can tend to the milking."

Waggles—He couldn't remember why his wife tied a string around his finger, so he was afraid to go home, and stayed out all night.

Jaggles—What was it he should have remembered?

Waggles—To come home early.

"Mother's Lap."

And he said to a lad: "Carry him to his mother."

And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon.—II. Kings, iv., 19-21.

Your mother's lap! Did childhood have a Better place than that?

A better place to snuggle sleepily at twilight for a chat;

A tender arm about you, and a hand to stroke your hair

And lull you into dreamland while your head was pillowed there.

The wealth of fairy stories, and the Bible stories, too, She told, and told, and told again, as mothers love to do, Till eyes all wide with interest and bright with joyous gleams Went shut, to see the fairies in your little land of dreams.

Your mother's lap! A haven—and a heaven, too, almost—

When little griefs of childhood all your heart and mind engrossed; A place where you might tell her of the little sorry whiles

Until your tears had gone away, and she coaxed back the smiles.

No bed so rich in comfort, were you sick or were you well;

No song so sweet in melody as that which softly fell

From lips whose kisses banished every shadow or mishap—

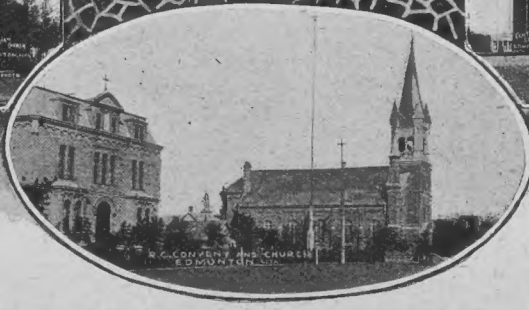
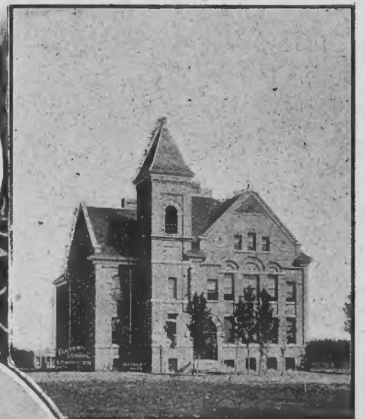
Did childhood have a better place for you than "mother's lap?"

—W. D. Nesbit.

Orange Meat

An Ideal Breakfast

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



Some Facts About Silk Worms

Almost every worm of aerial habits is more or less a silk worm. The caterpillar's nests so frequent in orchards and shrubberies are no more than big, unkempt and composite cocoons. Solitary creepers have the same power of silk production. In fact, many of them emulate those gentlewomen, the spiders, in letting themselves up or down, or round about with threads of their own spinning. These aerial roadways, indeed, fairly crisscross the summer air. They are invisible save when a glancing sun-ray strikes across them, notwithstanding their use if often made only too palpable by a big, hairy wriggling something which slips down or along them to deposit itself upon an unsuspecting head or arm.

After the caterpillars come the genuine silk-spinning spiders. These are distinguished from the common web spiders by the nature of their product. It is a true silk, strong, elastic, beautifully lustrous. It is produced, too, more abundantly in proportion to food than the regular worm filament. Stockings and mittens have been knitted of the spider silk. The only bar to its production in commercial quantities is the warlike habits of the insects. Wherever three meet there is a battle royal, which ends only with the disabling of all the fighters.

Down in Paraguay there is a spider which spins a brilliant yellow silk in such profusion the natives and the Spaniards collect it and manufacture it, on rude native looms, into shawls, ribbons and short lengths for jackets. The color deepens and brightens with use and is said to be inimitable—a glowing golden hue no dyer can produce.

The silkworm proper is an embodied appetite. He eats, eats, never fasting, never resting. He has been commercialized to such a degree that it is possible to estimate beforehand just how much silk he will turn out from a given weight of fresh mulberry leaves.

Italy and China furnish the best silk, hence the best silkworm eggs, though Japan is coming to be reckoned with in the matter of silk supply. This is due mainly to the fact that the special painstaking labor required in silk raising is cheaper in China than anywhere else. Chinese working women get daily wages of 3 cents. Everywhere it is women who do most of the work in rearing the worms. Men bring in the fresh leaves and cultivate the trees which supply them, but in the silkeries women watch over the worms, from the egg to the cocoon.

To keep the eggs dormant requires a temperature just above freezing. They must not be laid in the hatching trays without regard to the season. If it is cold and backward the hatch must be postponed to wait the growth of the leaves.

When first the worms hatch they are fed on leaves finely shredded in bits suited to their tender jaws. After the first molt the leaves are only torn. Thenceforward they are used whole, but must not be allowed to get hard and woody. They are stripped from the young shoots just before they reach full size. A tree that has given all its early leaves to the silkworm brood is so weakened that it may die. Consequently trees are not fully stripped unless under great stress.

After the fifth molt the worms, fat, green, sluggish rolls, refuse to eat and begin moving their heads rapidly from side to side. This is the sign of cocoon spinning, so the women supply the trays with bundles of clean, short twigs. Upon these the worms crawl, attach themselves and begin spinning. The cocoon is finished in twelve to twenty-four hours. The goodness or badness of it is judged less by the size than the weight and symmetry.

A percentage of the finest cocoons are set apart to hatch and produce next year's eggs. The rest are baked at a steady heat, that destroys the chrysalis without injuring the silk, then boiled, doubled, reeled, scoured and sent to market.

There are tricks in the trade of silk spinning and that of silk dyeing. Thread can be loaded with metallic or earthy salts to weigh half as much again as

the pure raw silk. But dealers are alert for such frauds and have tricks of their own to offset them.

A curious industry is the manufacture of silkworm gut for fishing tackle. The best of it comes from the Spanish silk fields. A silkworm ready to spin its cocoon has within a long, much convoluted intestine filled with pure fluid silk. The gut makers take such worms, snip off both ends, then deftly draw out the full intestine, straighten it, pass it through sundry chemical solutions to cleanse and strengthen it, and at last dry it and tie it in bunches.

The result is a filament several yards long, strong, fine, elastic and in water nearly invisible. This is the gut leader attached to the end of a braided line, to hold the hook.

Silkworm gut is also used in surgery. It has possibly the greatest textile strength proportioned to size of any known ligature.

Chemistry has found out a way to do in tanks what the worm does in its stomach—that is, how to dissolve woody fibre into a clear, ropy liquid. This is spun by forcing it through innumerable tiny holes in a brass cylinder. Then the threads are chemically treated, washed, dried, hot pressed and variously tortured. The result is thread that looks and feels like raw silk, but lacks the strength of true silk. It is used for wool in many mills with real silk warp.—N.Y. Sun.

Strength of a Spider's Thread.

Size for size, it would appear that a spider's web is considerably stronger than a bar of steel. An ordinary spider's thread will support the weight of three grains, while it is calculated that a steel thread of the same size would support rather less than two grains. A bar of steel one inch in diameter will sustain about fifty tons, but could a spider's web of that thickness exist, it would be capable of sustaining no less a weight than seventy-four tons; that is to say, its strength would be one and a half times that of steel, or nearly three times that of wrought iron. Spiders' webs have been used for making gloves and stockings, and those of some Bermudan spiders are strong enough to ensnare birds, though swung from trees ten or twelve feet apart. It is said that they are also used for sewing.—Home Journal.

What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house and make the beds and darn the socks and cook the meals, chiefly, that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bedmaking, or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him and he needs one to stand by him and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arm around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; who will put her lips to his ears and whisper words of counsel and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through sunshine, conflict and victory; through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and a mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet, many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.—Our Home.

FARMER'S & RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE

Laws affecting Farmers and Ranchers of Manitoba and North West Territories, together with legal and other forms necessary in the transaction of business.



PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

THE STOVEL COMPANY
Publishers, Winnipeg, Man.

FREE

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO
THE

Western Home Monthly

THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE has been prepared by one of the ablest lawyers of the West, who has had considerable experience in Manitoba and the Territories along farm matters.

The object of THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE is to present to the farmers of the West appropriate and reliable forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business connected with their occupation.

THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will not attempt to make every man his own lawyer, but simply aid men to intelligence in their own affairs, and enable them to enjoy the benefits of the very best information to be had in the transaction of every day affairs.

Over 100 forms will be given in chapters in THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE, under the following heads: Agreements, Assignments, Affidavits, Arbitration, Bills of Sale, Bonds, Bank Checks, Drafts, Guarantees, Indorsements, Leases, Orders, Optional Agreements, Promissory Notes, Powers of Attorney, Receipts, Wills and Business Letters, etc.

Every father requires the FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE for his own information, and for the education of his sons. The price of the book is \$1.

OUR OFFER:

For a limited time THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will be Given Free, postage paid, with THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to all paying Fifty Cents in advance. Send us Fifty Cents and you secure the GUIDE and THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY (in enlarged form) for one year.

This offer is the best that has ever been made by any paper in Western Canada. Address all orders:

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,

Stovel Building, WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Happiest Man on Earth.

The man is to be envied who has a good farm well stocked and paid for. There is no life as independent and as free from care, unless one puts a lot of useless worry in it. The poor farmer deeply in debt certainly has an uphill pull, but even so, he is infinitely better off than his brother in the city in similar circumstances, for with a little effort the soil will give him a living, and the poor man in the city is gambling with fate to a large extent. A well equipped and well managed farm which is capable of turning out every year good crops and good stock is a kingdom in itself. No capitalist in the city lives better and more comfortably nowadays than the well-to-do farmer who has the telephone and the daily mail. He generally has what the city capitalist cannot buy at any price—peace and contentment.—Chicago Daily Sun.

Peculiar People.

Amongst the many peculiar customs prevalent among the people of Central America is that of parting for one year after the marriage ceremony has been solemnized. This custom has prevailed among the Jarnos from time immemorial. There is no courtship allowed to be carried on between the parties prior to the wedding. When a man selects a woman he obtains the consent of the parents on both sides, and if this is given they are at once married. The reason, however, for their not living together as man and wife for one year after marriage is in order to permit of the parties visiting and staying with their respective friends in different parts of the country, which is a customary thing, and occupies the time specified. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these marriages turn out well.

The Name Mary.

Mary as a Christian name was held in very singular veneration during the mediaeval ages, and in some parts of Europe there existed a superstitious reluctance among men to marrying any one who chanced to have been so christened, or the bride elect was at least required to change this name for some other of less sanctity.

All Marys were at one time believed to be invested with extraordinary powers in connection with the affairs of life. Bearing the same name as the Blessed Virgin, they were considered worthy of more than common consideration, and their personal influence over their husbands especially was unusual; hence many men sought authoritative ordinances forbidding their wives to be

known as Mary. Sovereigns, in some cases, dreading subjection to their partners, showed a marked distaste for Marys.

Thus Alfonso IV. of Castile, when on the point of wedding a Moorish maiden, made it a condition of the marriage that at her baptism, as a recent convert to Christianity, she should not take this name. In the articles settled for the union of Ladislas of Poland with Marie de Nevers there was a clause which bound this princess to change her name to Aloysa. Casimir I. of Poland, who married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Russia, required of her a similar sacrifice to popular sentiment.—Pearson's Weekly.

Speed and Endurance of Dogs.

Dogs and wild animals of the same family are remarkable for their quickness and staying powers in running, as every one knows. A fox terrier, for example, will follow his master's carriage for hours with no signs of fatigue. Wolves will travel sixty miles in a night. Nansen saw Arctic foxes on the ice nearly five hundred miles from land, and found their tracks in the snow on the parallel of 85 degrees north. Eskimo dogs can travel forty-five miles in five hours, according to Hayes, who recites that he once drove his dog team seven miles in half an hour. A Siberian dog, on good ice, will draw about eighty pounds; our ordinary dogs, at full speed, run at the rate of from 33 to 49 feet per second; setters and pointers about 18½ to 21 7-10 miles per hour, and they can maintain this speed for two or even three hours. Fox hounds are very fast, and in a recent trial one of them beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in 6½ minutes. Greyhounds can run at the rate of 59 to 75 feet per second. Horses cannot exceed 63 feet per second.

An Interesting Book.

Inventors and manufacturers are frequently puzzled to know just how to proceed to protect their inventions and much valuable time is lost in acquiring information required. There is probably no profession in which technical questions are of such frequent occurrence as in patent soliciting, and there is no field of speculation in which greater care should be exercised before deciding upon a course of action. A valuable invention, when properly protected by Letters Patent, procured by qualified technical experts, means a fortune to its lucky owner, but the same invention patented by unskilful persons may be practically of no value because of failure to properly protect the essential features of the novelty which are of most value. The reason for patent monopoly; possibility of secret use of an invention; nature and policy of patents; time required to procure a patent and the course and treatment of an application in the patent office are interestingly discussed in a recent publication issued by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Solicitors, of Montreal, and called "The Inventor's Adviser." In addition to giving a summary of the law and practice relating to patent matters, the book contains a large number of court decisions relating to patent law both in Canada, the United States and other countries, and much interesting matter not to be found elsewhere. The book is issued to answer questions of frequent occurrence relating to patents and inventions, and will be of great service to manufacturers and inventors. The price of the book is One Dollar, but we have made arrangements so that our subscribers will be supplied with copies at 25 cents each, provided they name this paper when writing to Marion & Marion, of Montreal, for copies.

In Siam some of the women entrust their children to the care of elephant nurses, and it is said that the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants who are very careful not to hurt their little charges.

Prize Offerings

It is our aim to improve THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY as time passes, and to make the journal more and more a home paper. It has been very gratifying to us to know that our efforts have been appreciated, and we pass on to pastures new. From time to time we have sought to encourage western literary talent, and now offer the following:

A prize of \$6.00 for the best historical sketch of Manitoba, \$4.00 for the second, \$3.00 for the third, \$2.00 for the fourth, and \$1.00 for the fifth.

The same amounts for a like article on Assiniboia.

Similar amounts for an article on Alberta.

Like amounts for an article on Saskatchewan.

CONDITIONS:

The articles to be written by individuals not over 16 years of age.

Each writer to be a paid-in-advance subscriber to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY for one year from date of mailing the contribution.

The article to be written on one side of the paper only.

All articles sent in to be the property of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY. Any one, or all of them to be used in the columns of the paper if we think well.

The names and addresses of the individuals writing to be given with each article.

Where mention of individuals resident in the Province or Territories is made, year in which they came to this country, and where they came from, to be given.

Each article to be not more than 2,000 words. Brevity will be one of the main considerations in deciding the prizes.

All articles to be in our hands before the close of 1904.

He Kept His Word.

An examiner at Edinburgh University had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The University in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of cloak rooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere. This examiner announced one day that if he found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some naughty undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's hat, and placed it on the desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall, every eye was fixed on him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if this occurred again." Then he took his penknife from his pocket, opened it, and blandly cut the hat in pieces amidst prolonged applause.

Transplanting a Forest.

The patriotism of Bostonians in regard to the care of their historic Common is well known to every visitor to that city. Indeed, it is reported that the chief horticulturist, who has charge of the Common, receives a salary second only to that of the mayor. A worthy precedent may be suggested by contrasting the popular apathy to the recent wanton destruction of historic trees in our own Germantown with the following description of the ingenious method contrived and conscientious care exercised for the preservation of certain trees on Boston Common. Owing to the filling up of portions of the Common to a higher level, these trees were in danger of being destroyed. Superinten-

dent Dougue, however, successfully raised thirty-one trees, varying in weight from eight to forty-six tons. The method adopted was as follows: First of all a trench was dug around each tree at a distance of about five feet from the base, and of varying depth, according to the size of the tree, which in some cases necessitated an excavation of five feet. In all cases, however, the holes were deep enough not to disturb the principal roots of the trees. When this was done the earth remaining around the roots was frozen into a solid mass by means of refrigerating machinery, and then the tree and earth were raised by derricks in the manner usually employed for raising buildings. When raised sufficiently high the hole beneath was filled in with well-tamped earth. In this way the larger and smaller roots were not disturbed from their usual intimate contact with the earth, and consequently no ill effects could result. The magnitude of the work is indicated by the fact that the largest tree treated in this manner had a diameter of two and one-half feet, with a circumference of seven and one-half feet. Its height is eighty feet, with a spread of sixty feet. The weight of the tree and earth raised was forty-six tons. Certainly the preservation of this majestic patriarch of the forest was well worth the trouble expended.

It was John Randolph, of Roanoke, who said in Congress that he had discovered perpetual motion, and that it was very simple, being the fact that

"Paper makes money,
Money makes banks,
Banks make poverty,
Poverty makes rags,
Rags make paper,
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks."

Teething Time

You will have no trouble with your baby during the teething period if you give

STORKS' CURE-A-TOT

This pleasant preparation helps them through the critical time—keeps their digestive organs right and their bowels regular. It is harmless and good for the little ones.

Storks' Cure-a-Tot, Price 35c.

Sold by all Druggists.

The Martin, Bole & Wynne Co.

Sole Proprietors.

WINNIPEG, - - CANADA.

The
WESTERN
HOME
MONTHLY

Provincial Library

Dec 04
Winnipeg

For
September



STOVEL &
DES...WPG

Some Facts About Silk Worms

Almost every worm of aerial habits is more or less a silk worm. The caterpillar's nests so frequent in orchards and shrubberies are no more than big, unkempt and composite cocoons. Solitary creepers have the same power of silk production. In fact, many of them emulate those gentlewomen, the spiders, in letting themselves up or down, or round about with threads of their own spinning. These aerial roadways, indeed, fairly crisscross the summer air. They are invisible save when a glancing sun-ray strikes across them, notwithstanding their use if often made only too palpable by a big, hairy wriggling something which slips down or along them to deposit itself upon an unsuspecting head or arm.

After the caterpillars come the genuine silk-spinning spiders. These are distinguished from the common web spiders by the nature of their product. It is a true silk, strong, elastic, beautifully lustrous. It is produced, too, more abundantly in proportion to food than the regular worm filament. Stockings and mittens have been knitted of the spider silk. The only bar to its production in commercial quantities is the warlike habits of the insects. Wherever three meet there is a battle royal, which ends only with the disabling of all the fighters.

Down in Paraguay there is a spider which spins a brilliant yellow silk in such profusion the natives and the Spaniards collect it and manufacture it, on rude native looms, into shawls, ribbons and short lengths for jackets. The color deepens and brightens with use and is said to be inimitable—a glowing golden hue no dyer can produce.

The silkworm proper is an embodied appetite. He eats, eats, never fasting, never resting. He has been commercialized to such a degree that it is possible to estimate beforehand just how much silk he will turn out from a given weight of fresh mulberry leaves.

Italy and China furnish the best silk, hence the best silkworm eggs, though Japan is coming to be reckoned with in the matter of silk supply. This is due mainly to the fact that the special painstaking labor required in silk raising is cheaper in China than anywhere else. Chinese working women get daily wages of 3 cents. Everywhere it is women who do most of the work in rearing the worms. Men bring in the fresh leaves and cultivate the trees which supply them, but in the silkeries women watch over the worms, from the egg to the cocoon.

To keep the eggs dormant requires a temperature just above freezing. They must not be laid in the hatching trays without regard to the season. If it is cold and backward the hatch must be postponed to wait the growth of the leaves.

When first the worms hatch they are fed on leaves finely shredded in bits suited to their tender jaws. After the first molt the leaves are only torn. Thenceforward they are used whole, but must not be allowed to get hard and woody. They are stripped from the young shoots just before they reach full size. A tree that has given all its early leaves to the silkworm brood is so weakened that it may die. Consequently trees are not fully stripped unless under great stress.

After the fifth molt the worms, fat, green, sluggish rolls, refuse to eat and begin moving their heads rapidly from side to side. This is the sign of cocoon spinning, so the women supply the trays with bundles of clean, short twigs. Upon these the worms crawl, attach themselves and begin spinning. The cocoon is finished in twelve to twenty-four hours. The goodness or badness of it is judged less by the size than the weight and symmetry.

A percentage of the finest cocoons are set apart to hatch and produce next year's eggs. The rest are baked at a steady heat, that destroys the chrysalis without injuring the silk, then boiled, doubled, reeled, scoured and sent to market.

There are tricks in the trade of silk spinning and that of silk dyeing. Thread can be loaded with metallic or earthy salts to weigh half as much again as

the pure raw silk. But dealers are alert for such frauds and have tricks of their own to offset them.

A curious industry is the manufacture of silkworm gut for fishing tackle. The best of it comes from the Spanish silk fields. A silkworm ready to spin its cocoon has within a long, much convoluted intestine filled with pure fluid silk. The gut makers take such worms, snip off both ends, then deftly draw out the full intestine, straighten it, pass it through sundry chemical solutions to cleanse and strengthen it, and at last dry it and tie it in bunches.

The result is a filament several yards long, strong, fine, elastic and in water nearly invisible. This is the gut leader attached to the end of a braided line, to hold the hook.

Silkworm gut is also used in surgery. It has possibly the greatest textile strength proportioned to size of any known ligature.

Chemistry has found out a way to do in tanks what the worm does in its stomach—that is, how to dissolve woody fibre into a clear, ropy liquid. This is spun by forcing it through innumerable tiny holes in a brass cylinder. Then the threads are chemically treated, washed, dried, hot pressed and variously tortured. The result is thread that looks and feels like raw silk, but lacks the strength of true silk. It is used for wool in many mills with real silk warp.—N.Y. Sun.

Strength of a Spider's Thread.

Size for size, it would appear that a spider's web is considerably stronger than a bar of steel. An ordinary spider's thread will support the weight of three grains, while it is calculated that a steel thread of the same size would support rather less than two grains. A bar of steel one inch in diameter will sustain about fifty tons, but could a spider's web of that thickness exist, it would be capable of sustaining no less a weight than seventy-four tons; that is to say, its strength would be one and a half times that of steel, or nearly three times that of wrought iron. Spiders' webs have been used for making gloves and stockings, and those of some Bermudan spiders are strong enough to ensnare birds, though swung from trees ten or twelve feet apart. It is said that they are also used for sewing.—Home Journal.

What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house and make the beds and darn the socks and cook the meals, chiefly, that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bedmaking, or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him and he needs one to stand by him and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arm around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; who will put her lips to his ears and whisper words of counsel and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through sunshine, conflict and victory; through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and a mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet, many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.—Our Home.

FARMER'S & RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE

Laws affecting Farmers and Ranchers of Manitoba and North West Territories, together with legal and other forms necessary in the transaction of business.



PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

THE STOVEL COMPANY
Publishers, Winnipeg, Man.

FREE

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO
THE

Western Home Monthly

THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE has been prepared by one of the ablest lawyers of the West, who has had considerable experience in Manitoba and the Territories along farm matters.

The object of THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE is to present to the farmers of the West appropriate and reliable forms for the transaction of all the ordinary business connected with their occupation.

THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will not attempt to make every man his own lawyer, but simply aid men to intelligence in their own affairs, and enable them to enjoy the benefits of the very best information to be had in the transaction of every day affairs.

Over 100 forms will be given in chapters in THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE, under the following heads: Agreements, Assignments, Affidavits, Arbitration, Bills of Sale, Bonds, Bank Checks, Drafts, Guarantees, Indorsements, Leases, Orders, Optional Agreements, Promissory Notes, Powers of Attorney, Receipts, Wills and Business Letters, etc.

Every father requires the FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE for his own information, and for the education of his sons. The price of the book is \$1.

OUR OFFER:

For a limited time THE FARMER'S AND RANCHER'S BUSINESS GUIDE will be Given Free, postage paid, with THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to all paying Fifty Cents in advance. Send us Fifty Cents and you secure the GUIDE and THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY (in enlarged form) for one year.

This offer is the best that has ever been made by any paper in Western Canada. Address all orders:

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,

Stovel Building, WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. V. No. 9.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1904.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.
50c. per year

A Little Useless Life

By Maris St. Clair

Come here, Lilla, and let me fix you up before I start ironing. I want to get done before it gets very warm today if I can; and young Mrs. Brown stepped briskly across the little verandah to the swinging hammock and shook up the pillows and laid them smoothly.

In answer to her call, a little girl appeared from the doorway.

Poor child, she was badly deformed; she hobbled, or rather swung along, on two crutches, one foot only touching the ground, the other was much shorter.

The woman raised her in her arms and placed her in the hammock. There, how is that, Lilla? she asked.

It's lovely, mamma; so soft and nice, said the little one; how good you are to me, mammy! She wound her tiny arms round the woman's neck as she bent over her, and drew her face down to her own, and looked fondly into her eyes. I must go, Lilla, said Mrs. Brown. Oh, how I wish I could help you, mammy! said Lilla; how much longer will it be, do you think? You must be good and patient, Lilla, dear, and perhaps it won't be long, replied the woman, then she kissed the child and left her.

As she stepped into her neat little kitchen she wiped a tear from her eyes on the corner of her apron.

Poor little mite; she murmured to herself; I haven't the heart to tell her. Cyrus ought to a done it tho. long ago.

Mrs. Brown had finished her ironing by half past ten. She folded her blanket and put it away, smoothed her bonny brown hair and stepped outside just as the latch of the garden gate clicked and a round rosy little woman came up the gravelled path. How do, Mrs. Brown! she said, as she came up to her.

live! How did you manage to get out so early? Why, John had to bring some garden truck in, an' he said if I'd a mind to

Land sakes! if it ain't Mrs. Jenkins, as I come this far he'd call for me 'bout two o'clock. What's the time now? It's just a quarter to eleven; come on in and rest you a bit. Sure, I ain't a bit tired, said Mrs. Jenkins, as she followed her friend into the house.

Take off your bonnet and come and set at the window, it's real cool here, said Mrs. Brown, as she drew up the big rocker and then seated herself near it. It's a real neat little place you've got, Liddy, ain't it? It's in a pretty part, too.

It ain't bad, but it might be better, returned the other. I thought to a had a heap nicer things by now.

Oh, I mind! you was going to get a side-board and a orgin, wasn't you?

Yes, an' a new carpit, an' some plecters, an' lots o' things, but I ain't got em nor ain't likely to, the way things is shapin. There! of course you've heard 'bout Cyrus, ain't you?

'Bout Cyrus! No, I ain't, Liddy. I ain't heerd a word chlld, ain't he workin' at the sawmill?

Yes, he is, I thought you'd heard or I wouldn't a said anything. I thought as everybody knowd.

Well, what is it then? I ain't heerd anything; he ain't drinkin' agen, is he?

Yes, he is; you won't talk 'bout it, will you, Pollie?

You know I ain't that kind, Liddy. Well, well! who'd a thought it, after all the trouble he's had through drink, too; that minds me, how's the chlld, Liddy? Where is she?

She's in the hammock out there; didn't you see her as you come in?

I seen the hammock, but I didn't see anybody in it.

She's asleep, I reckon; she rests better there than in bed. I'll jest step out an' see, cos I don't want as she should hear me speak 'bout her father. She's fast asleep, she said, as she returned; she's got the handkerchief over her face; she always does that 'fore she sleeps.

She don't know 'bout her father, then, Miss Jenkins continued.

Laws, no; she never dreams; she'd just break her heart, I do b'leve, if she knew. He don't drink such a great lot, either; I

do believe if they'd pay the men every week 'twould be all right; but it's a month and sometimes six weeks or more, and then, of course, they've got to have a spree, and Cy, he says if he hung back his job ud soon be vacant; so there 'tis. I don't know what to do. If 'twasn't fer Lilla, tho, I know what ud happen; I'd go home for a spell—home to the old folks—and when he was done his sprees he could come for me; but I can't expect 'em to be bothered with her as well.

She's his'n; she ain't yourn, said her

friend. Cyrus ought to be 'shamed of hisself, he did, an' you've always bin so good to her, too; he ought to be thankful fer that.

As to that, Pollie, I've only done my duty to the poor little soul; she's a dear, good child, too. I just couldn't leave her, and she so helpless. And to think that 'twas all along of his drinking, that she got hurt, went on Mrs. Jenkins; there was some talk of her getting over it one time, if she got strong enough to operate, wasn't there?

Well, may be there was; I can't say 'bout that. I knows they always made out to her



"A Child shall Lead Them."

as she would grow straight agen and I think as they'd better have told her the truth.

You don't think as thers eny 'ope, then? Certainly not; why, she gets smaller and weaker all the time, and the doctor said in the spring that she may not live to see the leaves fall. No, Pollie, she'll never be better here, an' her's as bin a poor useless little life, an' 'twas all thro him, as you say; an' yet he can't let it alone—the drink, I mean.

He's always good to her, tho, ain't he? Bless you, yes; he worships her a'most; he's real good to me, too; he ain't never bin otherways.

P'raps he'll mend some day, Liddy. I wouldn't lose heart altogether. Keep on doing yer dooty an' I b'leve it'll come right. That's twelve o'clock striking, ain't it? Mrs. Brown jumped up from her seat; that's what it is, an' we a sittin' here chattin' as if 'twas nine. I must go and get lunch; Lilla'll be hungry when she wakes up. Cyrus don't come home to dinner, you know. Come on out in the kitchen if you don't mind. I'm real glad you came, it's good to tell yer troubles to a friend once in a while.

When the two friends had left the window and retired to the kitchen, the little figure in the hammock stirred uneasily; one pale hand grasped the handkerchief and wiped great drops of perspiration from her brow and lips. Her face was ghastly; her little breast heaved with suppressed emotion, and a stifled groan burst from her lips. She did not weep, her agony was beyond that. Oh, God! oh, God! she moaned; it hurts, it hurts; it's worse than when the big load was on me; oh, why didn't I die then; oh, it's cruel, it's cruel; I'm never to be straight and strong like other girls; I'm never to be able to do a single thing—"a little useless life." And father, dear father, can it be true, he drinks, and I never knew it; that's why I cannot stay up to see him on pay nights, and I can't do anything to help. Oh, God, help me to do something; just one little thing, dear God! And there's only till the leaves fall. She looked up at the bright blue sky and wondered if there were any cripples up in heaven. Then she raised herself a little on one arm and looked around at the grass and the tiny flower beds. I shall never run round and gather them like other girls do after all, she murmured; and, oh, how I've longed to do it. All these years I've been waiting and longing for a day that ain't ever going to come. I wonder why God made me—but I forget. I was good and straight before I got hurt, p'raps God'll make me so again "when the leaves fall."

She lay down and closed her eyes wearily; she seemed to have aged suddenly; the little face looked drawn and haggard, and when her mammy came to carry her in to her dinner she was alarmed to find her so white and weak.

It's only a pain, mammy; it's awful bad today, she said quietly, in answer to the eager questions of the two women.

Poor little Lilla, the agony of mind she had endured that fair morning while they had thought her sleeping far surpassed any bodily suffering she had ever felt. The certainty that she would one day recover was the hope that had sustained her and kept her patient throughout her eight years of deformity and pain. It had been rudely shattered and dispelled; not soon would she recover from the awful shock. She would never be quite the same again.

Two weeks passed and pay night at the mill was announced.

After supper that evening Cyrus Brown put on his hat and coat as usual, and, telling his wife that the men were to be paid, and kissing Lilla good night, he went out. Ere he had reached the gate, however, Lilla's voice recalled him.

What is it, pet? he asked gently, as he stroked her hair. (Lilla had beautiful sunny hair.) Won't you come home early tonight, father?

Why, child?

Mammy ud like it, she said, simply, and she's so good to me. Did she tell you to ask me. No, no, indeed she did not.

The man paused a minute.

I'll see, Lilla. I'll come if I can, but I can't promise, he said. Good night; be a good little girl; he kissed her again and departed.

Lilla watched him till he passed from her sight. The pretty blue eyes filled slowly with tears.

If I were not so useless, she said; if only I could do something.

She waited up till nearly ten o'clock, but her father did not return; then she yielded to mammy's coaxing and went sadly to bed and sobbed herself to sleep.

From that night there was a change in Lilla. She was more thoughtful and more sad; every day she grew weaker, and the poor little body seemed more shrunken than ever. Yet for all this, she walked more and farther than she had ever done; there seemed to be a strange restlessness upon her. Her father noticed it, and was worried, while Mrs. Brown wept in secret, for the woman had learned to love the gentle little creature who was so helpless, so dependant and who seemed to cling to her more and more every day. For many nights the little one had sobbed herself to sleep, and every night she prayed that she might be able to do something for mammy before she died, and at last a thought had come to her. The summer would soon be over, there was not much time; how she longed to put her plan into action. This was what made her so restless. She must bide her time. Another month passed away, and pay night at the mill came round once more. Mrs. Brown had been washing that day, and after her husband had gone out she began to fold her clothes for the next morning's iron. Mammy, will you please tie on my bonnet? said Lilla. Why, where do you think o' goin' so late as this?

Just a piece round the bluff, may be, answered the child.

Well, don't tire yourself out; when I've

done the clothes I'll come out and carry you back some.

Lilla did not reply to this, but plied her crutches; as soon as she got out of sight of the house she turned toward the village. If she could get past the turn in the road before mammy came out it would be all right. She paused for a minute and whispered, help me, now, oh God, to do this one little thing, help me not to mind the pains, and help me to go quick and safe. Amen.

She took a firmer grip of her crutches and set off anew. It was not a long way to the turn, only a few hundred yards, but to that poor crippled child it seemed miles. At last she reached it and turned the corner; she had not met anyone as yet. There at the foot of the hill lay the village; but could she reach it. Her hands and arms were trembling, and her body was aching sore; she dared not rest but just a moment. Once more the feeble cry went up for help; once more the frail little body moved forward. At last the village was reached. The street was broad and many waggons and other vehicles were passing; people from the country were hurrying to get home, and she had to cross the street. She dared not do it; she would surely be knocked down and trampled on. Trembling and frightened she leaned against a hitching post.

If only somebody would help her across. Suddenly a big rosy cheeked lad came running along the sidewalk; he spied the queer little figure, and as he drew near he ducked his head and made as if he would run into her; poor Lilla uttered a shriek and tried to move; she would have fallen, but just at that moment a strong arm clasped her and a

well directed kick sent the mischievousascal sprawlig, as he deserved.

I hope I did not hurt you, little one, said a gentle voice; you would have fallen if I had not grasped you as I did.

Oh, thank you so much! I am all right now, I am not hurt any, and Lilla looked up into the kindest face she had ever seen. Her champion was a somewhat tall, dark man, of about twenty-six years of age, his attire betokened his calling that of a minister. He gazed with kindly pity at the poor little form.

It is not safe for you to be in the village alone. I suppose, though, your friends are close by, he said. Lilla shook her head. I came alone, she said, and I want to get across the road. Will you please show me which is the saloon.

The saloon! You surely have not to go there? Who sent you? The young man began to feel indignant.

Please, nobody sent me, I'm goin' there myself, and I'm in a hurry, cos mammy don't know as I'm come, and she'll be awful scart if she misses me. Won't you please show me?

Will you tell me why you want to go there first. It's not a nice place for a little girl to go into just now. The mill hands have just gone in there, a whole crowd of them and you may get hurt.

Oh, did you see them? They have gone there then? Oh, I must hurry; if you'll help me cross the road I'll tell you about it. She was looking into his face earnestly, pleadingly, as if her very life depended upon his answer, for she could not cross the street alone. He could not refuse her wistful ap-

peal. He stooped down; give me the crutches, it's a bargain, he said, smiling; I'll carry you across, that will be best. He gathered her gently in his arms and soon deposited her safely on the other side. He went with her down the street, accommodating his pace to hers. It was painfully slow work for the little one now, her limbs ached fearfully, her body was stiff and sore, her hands could scarce keep their grip upon the crutches, but she would not give in. By the time they had reached the hotel, the young man had learned her name, and had heard her sad little story. He had told her that he was Martin Webster, the new Methodist minister; he had only been three or four days in Shady Hollow and did not yet know much about the place or the people. He was glad that he had met this child; it might give him an opportunity of getting acquainted with these men. He had heard that they were not very partial to his predecessors; they had been described as hard to get at, prejudiced, tough, etc. He had been planning to go to the mill at quitting time some evening and take them by storm, but now he thought perhaps God has some other plan, and has sent this little one to guide me to it. This is the place, Lilla, he said, as they came to a large, low building, which looked brighter than most of the others with its striped blinds and lace curtains. Shall I go in for you and tell your father you are here?

Please let me go in; I wants to do it so much, you know.

You are sure your father will not be angry and that it will be safe?

Quite sure, directly I gets inside the door.



The Tired Gleaners.

father'll see me and he'll take care of me. I'm not afraid.

May God be with you, then, and he threw the door back for her to enter.

The men were seated round a table, their glasses of liquor beside them. One very big fellow was standing with his back toward the door, drawing a cork from a bottle. As the door swung back he wheeled round, and, as Lilla's twisted form passed the threshold, he hurst into a boisterous laugh.

What's up, Tom, cried one. Why, look ye here mates! here's a obgoblin, or something; are ole mother hunch-back, what dye want, eh? Come an' 'ave a drink wi' us? The last words had barely time to escape his lips ere he went crashing to the floor. A tall, quiet looking man, who had been seated at the end of the table had paused with his glass half-way to his lips at Tom's first words, but on perceiving the cause of his merriment, he had sprang to his feet, letting his glass fall to the floor, as he had dealt Tom the blow that sent him headlong.

Lilla, my little one, what's happened? Why are you here, an' how did you come? he asked, as he gathered her up in his arms.

Oh, father, I've come for you, to take you home; mammy wants the money bad, you know, an' I wanted to help her, an' I've walked all the way.

The little trembling hand stole round his neck. Come, father, dear, come home with Lilla, quick, cos mammy don't know I come, an', oh, I'm so tired. The little head with its weight of sunny hair fell over on his arm, as a last fluttering sigh came from the lips. The man groaned aloud, and great drops stood on his brow. Oh, my God, mates! I've killed her, my little one. The men gathered round with awe struck faces. No one saw that there was a stranger among them, till Martin Webster spoke.

Don't close her in, boys; give her air. Hand a chair here, one of you. Thanks. Now, Mr. Brown, bring her here near the door; she has fainted, that is all. Mechanically the men obeyed him; there was no time to question his authority or to speculate as to his sudden and unexpected appearance. He seemed to know what to do, and that was more than they did.

He removed the bonnet and loosened the clothing round the throat. Now lay her as flat as possible, Mr. Brown. Kneeling on one knee he bathed her brow and hand with the water which the now penitent Tom had brought him, and gently fanned her face.

There, she is coming to at last; see, her eyes will open in a minute, and they did. After a few minutes, which seemed like hours, she looked round at them all. Slowly remembrance came back.

You'll come home with Lilla, father?

Yes, pet, yes; I'll come.

Mammy'll be so glad.

They put the bonnet on again, and Brown rose to his feet.

You'll excuse me, mates? he said, brokenly, an' I guess this ere'll be my last spree, whatever comes of it.

It's all right, Cy.; its all right. Hurry home with the little un and don't worry 'bout it, said one of the men. Here, leave the crutches to me; I will bring them for you, said the young minister. Get her home lad, as quick as may be. I'll be with you shortly.

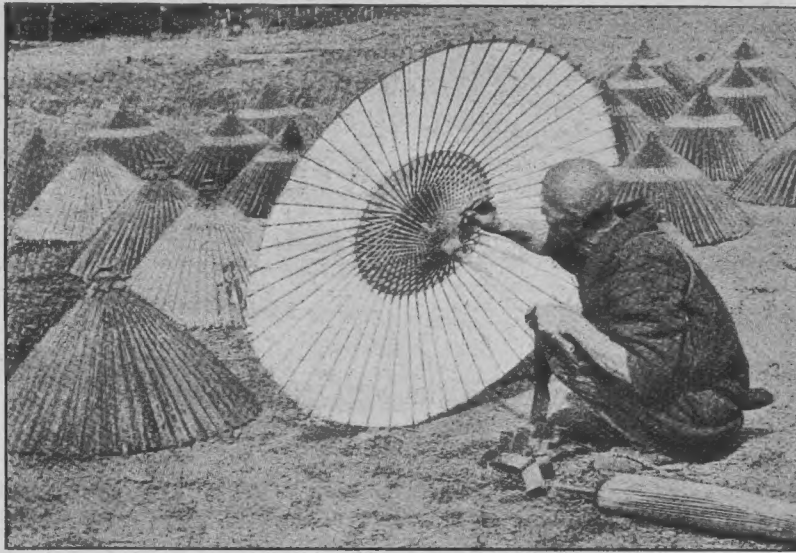
Thank ee, then, sir, an' much obleeged, ye'll be very welcome, I'm sure. And Cyrus Brown walked away with his precious burden. The men still stood where he had left them; they seemed to be waiting for the stranger to take his departure also, but Martin Webster was not ready yet. He had determined upon a bold stroke.

These men's merrymaking had been rudely interrupted, they could not resume it with the same enjoyment, they could not forget what had occurred. There was indecision, not to say remorse upon their faces, perhaps the field was partly won, should he retreat because he was alone and leave it to the enemy? Should he hesitate to speak with them in a saloon parlor? No; he would speak, he would not preach, they may resent that, but he would speak, he would drive the good impression they had received home, if he may.

So it came to pass that instead of going his way, he turned back into the room, and, closing the door, he stood with his back against it. Boys, he said, quietly, I suppose you have already perceived that I am a minister of the gospel. I am not going to preach to you tonight, though I shall be very pleased to do so tomorrow if you will allow me. But I thought maybe you would like to know how I came to be here tonight? He then told them how he had met the child at the crossing and what she had told him about herself and her desire to be of use to those she loved. Very tenderly he spoke of the deed she had that night accomplished, and earnestly he begged of them to put no stumbling block in their comrade's path. When he had finished many eyes were heavy with tears, as were his own, and one man stepped from among the rest.

Mates, he said, you'll all believe me an' you, too, sir, when I says as I never knew that was Cy's little un. I knew he 'ad a cripple chile, but I wasn't never thinkin' 'bout it at all; 'twas awful mean o' me to poke fun at her anyway, an' I deserv'd all I got, an' I don't complain, an' to show you as I ain't got no bad feelin' to Cy., I votes reght ere as we all goes home, an' the young man 'ere ull go and tell that dear little soul as we've all done what she wanted her dad to do, hopin' as it ull make her glad to know she done a 'eap mor'n she bargained fer. What say, mates?

Done! said another; come on boys and we'll take some candles home to the little uns, too; my eye, won't they be pleased. The tears that had been gathering in Martin Webster's eyes now rolled freely down his cheeks. He opened the door, and, as the mill hands filed out, he grasped each man's hand; God bless you, boys! God bless you. True honest men you are every one of you. When the last had gone he closed the door, and, standing outside, he



An Umbrella-Maker, Kobe, Japan.

bowed his head a moment. "Grant my desire, oh Father! It is that not one of them may pass through this door again."

The chill days of Autumn have come. The leaves are beginning to turn. Very soon they will fall, and little Lilla's life is drawing to a close also. Every day she is coming nearer to the dark river. She knows it, and is content that it should be so. Mr. Webster has told her that there are no cripples in heaven, and she believes it, and is happy. Often he reminds her of her words at the saloon—"When I gets inside the door father'll see me an' he'll take care o' me."

I'm not afraid to go in." And Lilla smiles and says, "An' I did do something, didn't I?" Yes, when little Lilla is laid to rest, there is no one now who will speak of her "little useless life"; instead they will tell of her brave, loving deed, and how she did more for Shady Hollow than all the ministers put together, except Mr. Webster, who is dearly loved by all, and who has prosecuted the good work she began with such vigor that "only temperance men need apply" at the mill and there are dozens of happy homes scattered about the Hollow that but for little Lilla may have been wretched and comfortless.

A Remarkable Inquest

By Lawrence Irwell.

Mr. George Gibson called himself a private detective and he had a large business in the city of Montreal. He had formerly been a detective on the city force, and in that capacity had distinguished himself by his zeal and astuteness on many occasions. Unfortunately, his name got mixed up in a scandal which startled the city a few years ago, and he was told to resign, which he did, and then started in business on his own account. Being both clever and experienced, he found plenty of employment, and he made a large income. He took considerable pride in his occupation, and he delighted in outwitting his former colleagues, so that he could usually be relied upon to do his best for his clients.

Mr. Gibson had a small office over a cigar store on Saint John Street. He did very little advertising. Those who wanted him knew where to find him, and he had convinced himself that advertisements in the newspapers were unnecessary. He was small in stature, with nothing remarkable about his appearance, except that he wore tight pants, whether they were in fashion or not. He might have been mistaken for a betting man—and, as a matter of fact, he had an

interest in a book-making business, but he was merely a silent partner.

One morning he found a card on his desk bearing the name of Mr. John S. Barnome, with an address on Main Street. Referring to the directory, he found that Mr. Barnome was one of the partners in a large private bank, and the son of a highly respected judge. As soon as Mr. Gibson had taken a seat at his desk an elderly individual, half clerk, half messenger, entered the room with some letters.

"When did this come?" asked Mr. Gibson, pointing to the card.

"Last night. The gentleman said he would call early this morning."

"Anything new?" enquired Mr. Gibson, carelessly, as he glanced through his correspondence.

"Nothing particular. Do you remember a man named Carman who came here two or three times last month?"

"Yes; he had some queer story about being the son of a New York millionaire."

"He committed suicide last night by hanging himself in a barn."

"Poor fellow! He was quite crazy. Don't let his wife bother me if she comes here. I

can't do anything for her," said Mr. Gibson, in a matter of fact tone. "Has Handley been here this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Send him to me as soon as he comes."

The attendant departed, but returned very soon to say that Mr. Barnome had called.

Mr. Gibson said: "Show him in," and a gentleman entered, looking pale and worried. He was a good looking man, about forty years of age, a trifle bald, with thin lips and a decidedly firm chin. As soon as the door was closed he spoke. "I called yesterday, but you were out. I want your advice and assistance concerning a very serious matter."

Mr. Gibson said nothing. He fixed his eyes on his visitor's face, and quietly took stock of his appearance. The stranger continued: "Do you remember the case of a man named Parks which has recently appeared in the newspapers? He was arrested for forgery—and other things, too, I'm afraid. He was held for the grand jury by the police magistrate last Thursday."

As Mr. Barnome spoke he took from his vest pocket a newspaper cutting, which he handed to Mr. Gibson. The detective glanced at it, and laid it on the table.

"It looks like a clever case," he said.

"I'm afraid so. The truth is—I suppose we can't be overheard, Mr. Gibson—the truth is the accused's real name is not Parks."

"Oh; what about it?"

"His name is George T. Barnome, and he's my brother, I'm sorry to say."

"That's very unpleasant," said Mr. Gibson, turning with awakened interest to the newspaper report. "It seems as if no defence had been suggested, although the charge is a very serious one."

"Mr. Gibson, the case must never come to trial. The exposure and disgrace would kill my father, and would be a fearful blow to all our family," said Mr. Barnome, lowering his voice, and speaking with great earnestness.

Mr. Gibson looked steadily at his visitor's face for a moment, and then said: "I quite understand your position and that of your relatives, and I want to ask you some questions. First, have you seen the accused?"

"Yes. Of course the news was a great shock to me. My brother has always been a source of trouble to us; but until he sent for me a few days since, I thought he was in South Africa. It seems that he returned about a year ago, but, having broken his word to us by coming back to Canada, he has kept very quiet."

"What made him send for you?"

"To ask me to instruct an attorney to appear for him at the trial and try to obtain a light sentence. The evidence against him is overwhelming, and he does not deny that he's guilty. He is sufficiently ashamed of his position to be anxious to conceal his identity and he assures me that none of his associates has any suspicion of it. He seems to have got into very bad company. But if the trial takes place, exposure will be inevitable, for by that time the police will, no doubt, have found out all about him."

"That would depend upon two things—first, upon what detective has charge of the case; secondly, upon which of the Crown attorney's assistants is assigned to it."

"I rely on you to assist me, Mr. Gibson, and money is of little importance. I had an idea that we might be able to bribe an important witness to keep out of the way at the time of the trial," said Mr. Barnome, eagerly.

"No, I could not undertake to do that. The consequences are too serious if the facts should come to the Crown Attorney's knowledge," was Mr. Gibson's answer.

"Well, how would it be to get him out on bail?"

"In a forgery case like this, I do not think bail would be accepted. It's no use deceiving ourselves. The trial must take place, but we must keep the whole thing quiet," replied Mr. Gibson, decisively.



Interior of Goudney Public School, 2½ miles west of Pilot Mound, Man.

"Well, what is it you advise?" queried Mr. Barnome, desperately.

"Besides yourself, who knows that your brother and Parks are the same person?"

"That's a difficult question to answer, because my brother is a dreadful liar. He says that he has written to five former friends asking for money, and that he has used his own name in every instance. As far as I am concerned, I have not breathed a word to anybody."

"Although your brother has written to various acquaintances in his own name, it is nevertheless possible that the police might not discover that Parks is an assumed name," said Mr. Gibson, with a slight wink



"All Aboard."

of the left eyelid. "If nobody had known of his being in the country, you might make your mind fairly easy. But as he has communicated with some acquaintances, the chances are the secret will ooze out. It's astounding how such things become known."

"But what do you propose, Mr. Gibson? Something must be done."

"I must think over the matter. If the difficulty can be overcome, I can do it. Where can I see you at this time tomorrow?"

"Here. I will call," answered Mr. Barnome.

"Very well. In the meantime I will make some enquiries," rejoined Mr. Gibson, rising from his seat and opening the door for his visitor.

Upon being left alone, the detective carefully perused the newspaper cutting, and then began to think, whistling softly as he did so. His cogitations had lasted some minutes, when the sound of voices in the adjoining office aroused his attention. He rang the hand-bell on the table, and his clerk entered.

"What's all the noise about?" he asked, sharply.

"It's the widow of that crazy fellow, Carman, who hanged himself. She insists upon seeing you."

"I can't be bothered with her."

"I told her that you wouldn't see her, but she won't go."

"Well, I'll see her," Gibson said, abruptly, changing his tone, and as the clerk, with a lingering glance of surprise turned to leave the room his employer again began to whistle.

A thin, poorly clad, hollow-eyed woman was shown into the inner office. Mr. Gibson at once perceived that she was distracted with mingled grief and horror. To his credit be it said that he spoke gently to her.

"You must not come here any more," he remarked. "You can't gain anything by bothering me."

"My husband is dead. You've heard that?" she said excitedly.

Mr. Gibson simply nodded his head. He made no verbal reply.

"Almost the last words he spoke to me were that you knew his identity and could assist me," said the woman.

Mr. Gibson laughed. "That's all nonsense. He was crazy," he said.

"He was nothing of the sort. He was as sane as you are. I wish he'd told me as much about his affairs as he told you. He was so close about everything that I don't even know who his relatives are."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Gibson, with sudden attention. "How long is it since you were married?"

"Eight years. We were married in England, where all my friends live."

"Have you any children?" asked the detective, after a pause.

"No. All I want my husband's relatives to do is to give me sufficient money to get back to England, where my people are. Just a ticket to Liverpool and ten dollars in money. I'm destitute and almost starving."

Mr. Gibson fell into a reverie and stared at the ceiling.

"When is the inquest?" he asked after the lapse of a few moments.

"Tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock."

"I don't see how I can help you, except by giving you this," said Mr. Gibson, arousing himself and throwing three silver dollars upon the table. "But you may as well leave me your address," he concluded.

The poor woman then left, her mind being a little easier now that she possessed a trifling sum of money. Mr. Gibson, after giving a few instructions to his clerk, put on his hat and left the office. When he returned about an hour later, he found Mr. Barnome anxiously awaiting him.

"The story has got out," said the banker, in an excited tone; or at least there is an

impression that my wretched brother is in serious trouble. It seems that, in answer to a request for money, an old acquaintance sent him an express money order addressed to the general delivery at the post office. Receiving no reply, the sender, who is a good-natured busy-body, took the trouble to make enquiry. He found that the letter had not been claimed and the circumstances aroused his suspicions that something must be wrong, as my brother was evidently in urgent need of money. He has mentioned the matter to three friends, all of whom have reached the absurd conclusion that my brother has been murdered or has committed suicide. I found a letter from this busy-body when I reached my office this morning. He urges me to communicate the facts to the police."

"What answer have you sent?"

"None. I waited to consult you."

"In accordance with your friend's suggestion you have placed the matter in the hands of a detective—not the police, it is true," said Mr. Gibson.

"Yes," answered Mr. Barnome, with a puzzled expression upon his face.

"Well, I'll go and see your friend to ascertain his views—and to prevent him from taking any action on his own account which might lead to awkward disclosures."

"Quite so," said Mr. Barnome, his face clearing a little.

"Acting on this information—apparently, that is—I make a startling discovery. Your brother committed suicide yesterday. The inquest will be held tomorrow. You will recognize the deceased as your brother. The verdict will establish his identity, and no further enquiry will be made. The case of a man named Parks will escape notice," said Mr. Gibson, with perfect composure.

The banker turned as pale as marble and stared at his companion with wide-open eyes.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"So much so that you've only to say the word and my plan will be carried out," retorted Mr. Gibson.

"How about the police?" queried the banker, after an uneasy pause.

"I'll arrange all that. You said money was of little consequence. No evidence will be taken at the trial of Parks as to the antecedents of the accused," said Mr. Gibson, with assurance.

"Then, if that is so, is there any necessity for taking the course you propose?" demanded Mr. Barnome, wiping away the perspiration which had gathered on his brow.

"It's absolutely essential that your brother should be accounted for," was the detective's firm reply. "He is known to have been in this city and his sudden disappearance has excited attention. The slightest accident might reveal the truth, unless all doubts and suspicions are set at rest. The only way of doing this effectually is the way I have indicated."

"But it will involve my giving evidence," murmured Mr. Barnome, looking down at the floor.

"Your evidence will be corroborated. I undertake to arrange that. There will be no 'hitch.' I've already seen the County Crown Attorney who has charge of your brother's case," said Mr. Gibson, ignoring the banker's scruples with cynical indifference. "The only important question is," he added, looking keenly at his visitor, "whether it is worth your while to do anything

Handsome FUR SCARF and Beautifully Dressed DOLL FREE



SEND NO MONEY

All you have to do is to agree to sell only 1½ doz. of our new **Oriental Arabian Perfumed Chataine Lockets** at 15c. each. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c.** and give a **certificate worth 50c. free with each one**, return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **Handsome Fur Scarf**, over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins, with six fine full black tails, the very latest style, fully equal in appearance to any \$10.00 Fur Scarf, also a big beautiful Doll, the loveliest you ever saw, made of bisque, with lovely golden curly hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, handsomely dressed from head to toe with stylish hat, beautiful dress, lace trimmed underwear, and stockings and slippers. Remember, you get both the Doll and the Fur Scarf for selling only 1½ doz. of our new Lockets. This is the biggest bargain ever offered in any paper, and you should write at once as we just intend to give both the Doll and the Fur Scarf away for only a few weeks in order to introduce our Lockets. **EXTRA PRIZE FREE.** To all those who reply to this advertisement to-day, and will sell the Lockets in a week after they receive them, we will give a handsome Gold-finished Ring set with a large magnificent Fire Opal, in addition to the Doll and Fur Scarf. We mail the Lockets (postage paid) the same day your letter is received. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. TORONTO, Ont.**



"I Wonder if Dreams Come True?"

at all. Perhaps, after all, you exaggerate the necessity of concealing your brother's disgrace."

"No," cried the banker, starting up with sudden energy, and striking the table with his fist. "At all hazards—at all sacrifice—all possibility of exposure must be averted."

Two days afterwards, the newspapers contained a paragraph headed "Shocking Death of a Gentleman," giving an account of an inquest upon the body of Mr. Willis Thornton Barnome who had committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn. After giving details, and stating that the deceased had been identified by his brother and two other witnesses, the paper remarked that the unfortunate gentleman had suffered from the results of sunstroke in South Africa, which had made him eccentric in his habits, and that for some years past he had been living under an assumed name. The widow swore that the deceased had always persistently concealed his identity from her, but that she knew he was related to some influential and wealthy people. The jury, in returning a verdict in accordance with the evidence, expressed sympathy with the family of the deceased, and especially with Mr. John S. Barnome, the brother, who appeared greatly distressed. The sad event caused a painful impression among the friends of the unfortunate suicide.

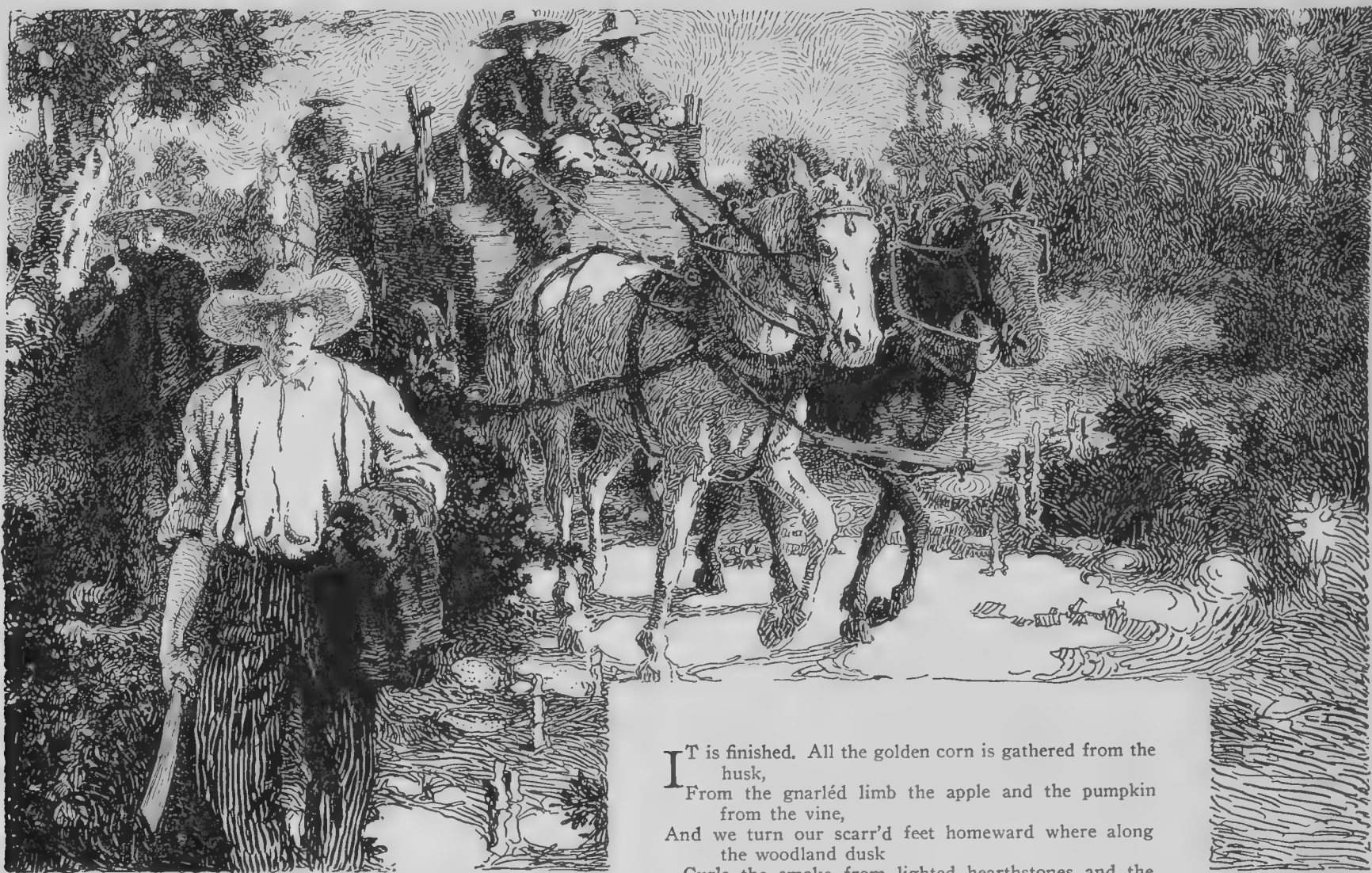
A week later a brief report appeared in the daily papers of the trial of an obscure individual named Parks, who was convicted of forgery and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

From Here to Heaven.

Last night, she knelt at her bed-time prayer,
My little girl, with soft, warm lips;
The moonbeams played in her tangled hair,
And kissed through the pane her finger tips.

She looked away to the lighted skies,
And counted the faint stars up to heaven,
Then whispered, in innocent surprise,
"It is so far from here to heaven."

To-night, she lies on her pretty bed,
My little girl, but her lips are cold;
And her tiny hands, on the silken spread,
Are white as the immortelles they hold.
Dear, sunny head of tangled hair,
Soon was a halo to thee given!
Dear, dainty feet, God-guided there,
Is it so far from here to heaven?
—Grace Cartwright.



It is finished. All the golden corn is gathered from the husk,
From the gnarled limb the apple and the pumpkin from the vine,
And we turn our scarr'd feet homeward where along the woodland dusk
Curls the smoke from lighted hearthstones and the twilight's candles shine.

'Tis no more at dewy morning that we fetch our teams afield;
'Tis no more we hear the warble of the lark o'er glebe and tarn;
For the Summer's days are ended and our late, long struggle's yield
Safe is housed in its fullness in the creaking bin and barn.

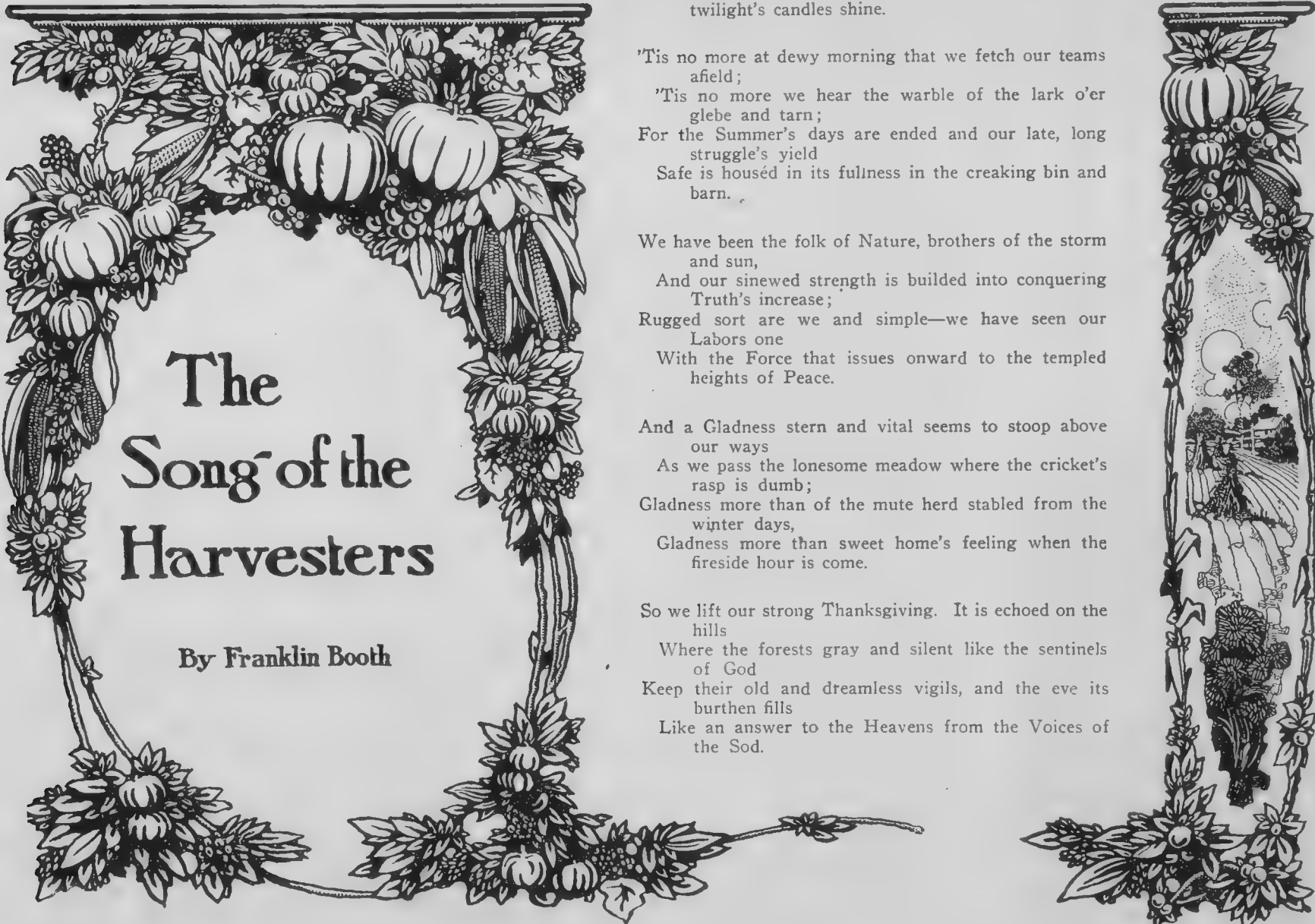
We have been the folk of Nature, brothers of the storm and sun,
And our sinewed strength is builded into conquering Truth's increase;
Rugged sort are we and simple—we have seen our Labors one
With the Force that issues onward to the templed heights of Peace.

And a Gladness stern and vital seems to stoop above our ways
As we pass the lonesome meadow where the cricket's rasp is dumb;
Gladness more than of the mute herd stabled from the winter days,
Gladness more than sweet home's feeling when the fireside hour is come.

So we lift our strong Thanksgiving. It is echoed on the hills
Where the forests gray and silent like the sentinels of God
Keep their old and dreamless vigils, and the eve its burthen fills
Like an answer to the Heavens from the Voices of the Sod.

The Song of the Harvesters

By Franklin Booth



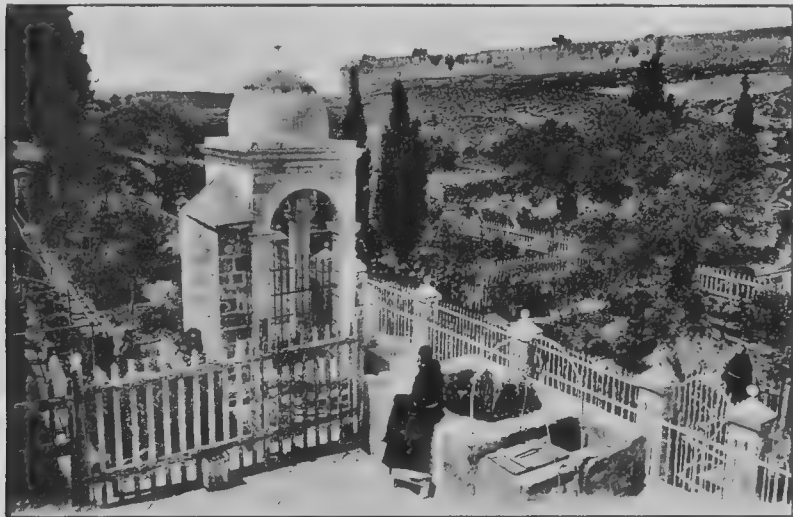
Jerusalem As I Saw It

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Julia A. Symington.

As we stood on the top of Olivet and looked down on the gently sloping hill to the Kedron and Gethsemane and on the spacious enclosure that once contained the Temple of Solomon, we had before us within the distance of a few miles the scenes of the greatest deeds which were ever done on earth, which have molded the history of the world. Somewhere on this mount He sat and told his eager disciples of the coming doom of the city. As we looked from this almost sacred spot over the city the beautiful site of the ancient temple, our last look, almost our last hours in Jerusalem, I was glad to spend these hours with harmonious spirits that had proved so helpful in warding off the oppressiveness of last things. The words of Shakespeare occurred to me: "The friends thou hast, and their adaptation tried. Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of

were obliged to descend from this world-renowned place that was the only possible brilliant closing of a perfect life, the earthly life of the Son of God manifest in the flesh. We descended with a heartfelt wish that all our cruise might ascend God's holy hill and see Him of whom the prophets wrote and spoke.

We drove on our way home from Olivet to visit what is now called Chinese Gordon's Calvary. It is the place Dr. Merrill decided some years ago was the real locality of Calvary. I was impressed much more favorably with this locality which is east of north from the Damascus Gate about one-fourth mile. It is decidedly outside the walls of the city, very near the tomb which presents an unfinished appearance, as the grooves for the reception of the lid had never been completed, would indicate it was used be-



Garden of Gethsemane.

steel." The words of Christ assumed new and added force: "It is needful that I go away. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also." Christ was a measureless lover and hence glorified above all others from this site, and it relieves the heart and brain from the oppressiveness of the thought that to love the world as he did was to be a candidate for a life of sorrow and premature death at the hands of his beloved countrymen. It was raining and cold with a very high wind, but the time passed all too quickly away, as we

fore it was ready for the burial of its owner. Then very near this tomb is the grotto of Jeremiah, where he wrote his Lamentations. It is on a slight elevation of ground. The groove for the rolling stone is still fairly perfect at the door, and the place for the Roman seat is shown. The marks of the earthquake or bursting of the tomb is indicated by the side being thrown out and a new slab of marble fitted in. These features fitted my previous imagination of what Calvary was like, as the last scene of the greatest tragedy the world has ever known and one that has wrought greater things than any other event in the history of man. It is now a Mohammedan burying ground. I bought a photograph of the location, picked a few pebbles from the ground and wished there was no doubt where the spot truly is. A large and impressive meeting was held on this ground by the tourists from both Cook's and Clark's party, addressed by representative ministers. Very able, pathetic and affecting addresses were delivered. Special claims for the finality of the Christian religion were pressed upon the attention by all the speakers as we looked our last look, bade farewell to a place and city that, instead of weakening our faith in Christianity, ought to greatly strengthen and confirm it. We ought to go home with our horizon greatly broadened at the close of this Christian Sabbath day when from this place God had spoken to us by his Son. Christ is the last word of God.

The next morning we hurriedly took the train for Joppa and the good ship Moltke, impressed with the fact that through the whole of Palestine, as well as about Jerusalem, one is struck in a thousand ways with the literal fulfillment of Scripture, which strengthens the faith of every Christian and must be a powerful evidence for its inspiration to every lover of the truth.



Carpenter Shop in Nazareth.

How They Spun.

The choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The pure, sweet voice of the soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo:

"They toil-oil-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Ny-y-y-ther do they spin."

She paused, and the tenor took up the strain:

"Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin.
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin."

The tenor ceased, and the basso—a solemn, red-haired young man with a somewhat worldly looking eye and a voice like a foghorn—broke in:

"Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
Nay-ay-ay-ther—do they spin."

Then the voices of the three were lifted up in semi-chorus:

"Ny-y-y-ther
They toil not,
Nee-ee-ee-ther
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Ny-y-y-ther
Nee-ee-ee-ther
Nay-al-al-ther—do they spin."

"Brethren," said the grey-haired, old-fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished, "we will begin the services of the morning by singing the familiar hymn:

"And am I yet alive?"

Brave Bossy.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-to-hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said Michael Ayres, a Colorado stockman; "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of those animals and came out of the struggle without a scratch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her first born, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle-shed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

"One night a bear, having smelt the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear, and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door found the cow in a frantic state, butting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance. It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful

Orange Meat

Ask Your Grocer

of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage.—Dumb Animals.

Pastor and Farmer's Lad.

One of the parish sent one morn—
A farmer kind and able—
A nice fat turkey, raised on corn,
To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl,
And thus addressed the pastor:



Nazarene Mat Makers.

'Blame me if I ain't tired! Here is
A gobbler from my master.'

The pastor said: 'Thou should'st not thus
Present the fowl to me;
Come! take my chair, and for me act,
And I will act for thee.'

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The fowl the pastor took;
Went out with it, and then came in
With pleasant smile and look;

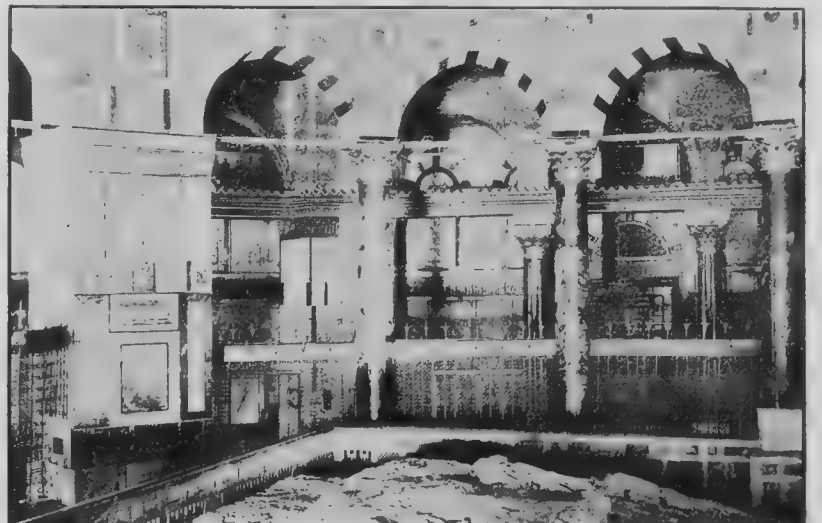
And to his young pro tem, he said:
"Dear sir, my honored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
Respects to you, his pastor."

"Good!" said the boy. "Your master is
A gentleman and scholar!
My thanks to him, and for yourself,
Here is half a dollar."

The pastor felt around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching;
And, to the gobble holding fast,
He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook,
And came back in a minute;
Then took the youngster's hand and left
A half a dollar in it.

—Western Teacher.



INSIDE OF MOSQUE OF OMAR—THE ROCK.
[This should have appeared in August Issue in place of above.]



A Family Journal devoted to all that Appeals to the Home.

WESTERN CANADA'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER

Published by
THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.
 The Stovel Co.
 Printers
 Winnipeg, Canada

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 50c. a year to any address in Canada or the United States.
Foreign Subscriptions, 75c. a year.

City of Winnipeg Subscriptions, 75c. a year, to cover post office delivery charges. To individuals calling for the paper at office of publication, 50c. a year.

FREE FOR ONE YEAR. The Western Home Monthly will be sent free, for one year, to anyone in Canada or the U.S., sending us three new annual subscriptions at 50c. each.

HOW TO REMIT. Money should be sent in by Post Office Money Order, Postal Note, or Express Money Order. If personal checks are sent 25 cents must be added for bank charges. If inconvenient to procure these, send by registered letter.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Subscribers, in ordering change of address, or discontinuance of paper, should always give name exactly as shown upon label. A more satisfactory way is to send one of the old labels with the advise calling for change. Give old address as well as new.

DISCONTINUANCE. Subscribers wishing The Western Home Monthly stopped at the expiration of their subscription must notify us to that effect, otherwise we shall consider it their desire to have it continued. All arrears must be paid before the paper can be discontinued.

ADVERTISEMENTS. We will not knowingly admit any fake or obscene advertisements in our columns, and will esteem it a favor if readers promptly notify us that they are not fairly dealt with by any advertiser.

Advertising Rates on application. Address all correspondence and make all remittances to

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.,
 Stovel Building,
 Winnipeg.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Tell Him So.

If you have a word of cheer
 That may light the pathway drear
 Of a brother pilgrim here,
 Let him know.

Show him you appreciate
 What he does; and do not wait
 Till the heavy hand of Fate
 Lays him low.

If your heart contains a thought
 That will brighter make his lot,
 Then in mercy hide it not;
 Tell him so.

Wait not till your friend is dead
 Ere your compliments are said;
 For the spirit that has fled,
 If it know.

Does not need to speed it on
 Our poor praise; where it has gone
 Love's eternal, golden dawn
 Is aglow.

But unto our brother here
 That poor praise is very dear;
 If you've any word of cheer
 Tell him so.

—Good Health.

What Should a Christian Read.

Christ did not come to cramp anyone's manhood; he came to fulfill it. A thorough-going Christian is a man with a stronger reason, kinder heart, firmer will, and richer imagination than his fellows—one who has attained to his height in Christ. A bigot or a prig or a weakling is a half-developed Christian, one not arrived at full age.

What ought a Christian to read? Every book that feeds the intellect. Where ought he to go? Every place where the moral atmosphere is pure and bracing. What ought he to do? Everything that will make character. Religion is not negative, a giving up this or that; but positive, a getting and a possessing. If a man will be content with nothing but the best thought, best work, best friends, best environment, he need not trouble about avoiding the worst. The good drives out the bad. There are two ways of lighting a dark room—one is to attack the darkness with candles; the other is to open the shutters and let in the light.

When light comes darkness goes. There are two ways of forming character. One is to conquer our sins, the other is to cultivate the opposite virtues. The latter plan is the best because it is surest—the virtue replaces the sin. Christianity is not a drill; it is life, full, free, radiant and rejoicing. What a young man should do is not vex himself about his imperfections, but fix his mind on the bright image of perfection; not weary his soul with rules, but live with Christ as one liveth with a friend.—John Watson.

Sunshine.

There are few people who appreciate the value of sunshine as a promoter of health and strength. Readers of Green's Fruit Grower have learned that plants, trees, shrubs and grass will not thrive even in partial shade. We place our houseplants in the sunny south or east window. We notice if a potato is left in the cellar, when it begins to grow it will struggle to get its branches into the light, and when light does reach the plant its leaves

Admiration versus Criticism.

Some wise woman has said, "Strive to learn the hard lesson of admiring rather than criticising." To some people it is undoubtedly a hard lesson—so difficult, in fact, that they never acquire it. They seem to have a penchant for seeing the drawback or flaw in any question suggested to them. There are few characteristics that are more trying to encounter than the spirit of wetblanketism peculiar to some natures. Who of us does not know the sensation of anger and humiliation produced in one's very soul by the critical or depreciating remark? We show something we have accompanied with great difficulty, or give the details of a scheme on which we have bestowed much thought, and perhaps prayer. We set it forth in its fair roundness and completeness, and look for sympathy in our plans. What is our chagrin when the one to whom we had looked for the bread of sympathy gives us the stone of cold criticism? There may be weak points in our scheme that it is the duty of our friend to show us, but why not wait

make the mistake of telling to that person anything we mean to do—never! never! And sometimes we keep this angry vow; oftener—if we are women—we forgive and forget so far as to do the very same thing over again.

But do we always look at ourselves and see if we too do not at times offend in the same way? When husband and children come to us for sincere and interested sympathy, do they always receive it? When John brings home a patent (and probably useless) fly-trap, for which he paid a dollar (and times are hard, and money so scarce!), and over which he chuckles delightedly, do we always receive it with the pleased gratitude the poor fellow expects? Do we not sometimes eye it doubtfully, suggest that it was an unnecessary extravagance, and intimate that we have no faith in its fly-catching powers?

Women are, as a rule, far more sympathetic than men, but even they occasionally dampen the ardor of their Johns, who are only grown-up boys, after all. And do we always show tender interest in our children's highly colored and utterly impracticable "plans"? It may be our duty to discourage the hare-brained scheme, but can we not do it gently, pityingly, and try to offer some other plan in lieu of the one that, although cherished, must be abandoned? Childish troubles, while evanescent, are very real.

If each one of us would make it a rule not to criticise unless stern Duty demands it, and then to speak the necessary words reluctantly, tactfully, lovingly, we shall have made a great stride towards transforming this too often disappointing world into an earthly paradise.—Bazaar.

Week Day Sermons.

Few men would care to be done by as they try to do others.

Floating capital is a good thing when attached to a solid anchor.

A man may not be able to manage his own affairs, but he will give you advice about yours.

Those riding in carriages are not as happy and comfortable as those on foot think they are.

The frank person who says disagreeable things to your face is liable to be equally frank behind your back.—Information.

Most of our worry of today is caused by our neglect of yesterday. If we were to adopt the habit of doing things today instead of putting them off until to-morrow we would not have so much worry tomorrow.

Hard work alone never killed anyone. The man who is very much concerned about "breaking down," unless he has an exceptional streak of luck, will soon be "breaking up."

Our opportunities are the threads which we have to weave. We see them come from the spools of tomorrow—to be woven into a fabric today—to be wound on the roll of yesterday.—System.



RATS.

are pale and feeble. One reason why men are stronger than women is that their occupation takes them more often out into the sunshine and fresh air. The inhabitants of the far north, the arctic regions, are of feeble intellect and small of stature. They get but a small amount of sunshine during the year. Farmers and fruit growers should be thankful that they can work in the sunshine.

It is estimated that the Eskimo population of Alaska, Labrador and Greenland has declined from 30,000 to 15,000 in 20 years, owing to the thinning out of seal, walrus and bear.

After ten years' incessant labor, Mrs. Lizzie Hoffman, of Anthony, has finished what is probably the oddest bed-quilt in the country. It is a patch quilt made of 14,600 pieces of silk of all kinds and colors, and every piece of silk came from a different bride's hat. During ten years Mrs. Hoffman has been collecting these pieces.

until a little later, until the first glow of enthusiasm has faded, and then gently and lovingly suggest the amendment? It is to be doubted if Job himself would have possessed his soul in patience had a bucket of iced water been suddenly dashed on one of his cherished plans. He might not have complained or cried out against his Maker, but the chances are that he would have poured forth his righteous and justifiable wrath upon the presumptuous so-called friend and critic.

If those to whom we are really dear and who love us would forego this unkind habit of criticism, what heart-burnings we might be spared! After our pet object, erstwhile so beautiful, has been drowned in the chilling flood of gratuitous advice and suggestion, we want to creep off alone, as do the little children, and sob aloud in a passion of self-pity. It is too bad, we say. What fools we were ever to expect sympathy from that source! We have learned our lesson at last, and will never again

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free



Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, 16 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for only 15c., and give a certificate worth 50c. free with each one, return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this beautiful little Lady's Watch with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enameled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the lockets and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you free in addition to the watch a handsome gold finished ring set with a large, magnificent Fire Opal that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the lockets in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 3122 Toronto.

On the St. Paul Trail in the Sixties.

*Paper read before the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba
by W. G. Fonseca.*

(Biographical Note.—Mr. W. G. Fonseca, the writer of the following paper, is a pioneer of the old Red River days. A native of Santa Croix, he was attracted to St. Paul, Minn., many years ago, and, seeking new scenes, found his way to Red River Settlement in 1859. Here he engaged in business, married one of the Logan family, and settled on Point Douglas, now a part of the City of Winnipeg. Mr. Fonseca has ever been a public-minded citizen, and this paper is a reminiscence of the cart-trail from Fort Garry to St. Cloud, or St. Paul, and return in the days when Winnipeg had not yet come into existence.)

"Tempora mutantur" comes to the writer's lips as he sees today the railways running over the prairies, parallel to the ruts of the Red River cart, and thinks of the slowness and difficulty of travel mingled with a strange romance and interest attaching to the trail and its primitive life, as compared with the present hurry, bustle and commonplace of the puffing of engine and the Pullman car.

One such journey comes to the writer's mind, surrounded with more incident than others on which the writer crossed the plains. While in those days supplies still came by way of York Factory, brought by the Hudson's Bay Company's ship from Britain, and were carried by bands of hardy voyageurs in York boats by way of lake, river and portage, in the early sixties of the last century the cart route over the prairie to St. Paul, Minnesota, was largely availed by the Red River settlers. The Red River cart—aptly called the "prairie schooner"—took loads of fur for the Hudson's Bay Company to St. Paul, and came back laden with supplies for the Company or for the settlers.

For company and safety many carts went on the same expedition and for days before the start all was activity. As the trip extended over six or eight weeks, it was necessary to be well provided with food. The fare was simple but substantial. Flour, strong black tea and sugar were the staples, and the well-known pemmican. Pemmican is now a thing of the past, but was the sheet anchor of the Red River voyageur. Obtained by the buffalo hunters on their buffalo hunts, the flesh of the buffalo was cut into slices, dried and beaten or flailed into powder; it was then packed in bags of raw hide, into which hot boiling fat and marrow of the buffalo carcass was poured. Thus it became air proof, and without salt or any preservative, the bag closely sewed up, could be thus kept for years. A finer sort of this article, called "berry pemmican," was made by mixing the flesh with the berries of the abundant saskatoon, or service berry (*Amelanchier Canadensis*). This was considered a delicacy. While some, like the late Bishop McLean, did not appreciate pemmican, he having declared before an audience of notables in London, that eating pemmican was to him like chewing a tallow candle, yet this important staple, worth thousands of pounds a year to the prairie travellers, was so important that the Hudson's Bay Company could not have carried on its wide and extensive enterprises without it. Supplies for the inner man having been provided, the axe, saw, drawknife, auger and square, needles to sew harness and moccasins are not forgotten, as well as a supply of material for harness. This was of two kinds. First, the "shagganappe," or prairie cordage, made by cutting the buffalo hide into narrow strips, from one-half to an inch in width; and second, the "babiche," or narrow strips cut from the deer skin and taking the place of twine. In addition sinews from the back of the buffalo were shredded and spun

into what might be called prairie thread. All these have disappeared with the buffalo.

The object of greatest interest in the Red River trippers' outfit was the Red River cart. Made of tough, well-seasoned wood without a particle of iron about it, it was a marvel of mechanism. It consisted of two rough shafts, called by the settlers trams, twelve feet long, worked out of oak, and with cross-pieces firmly morticed into them. The two outer ones, being about six feet apart, form the foundation. Holes are bored in the upper surface of the trams and two railed pieces are correspondingly bored and fitted upon the rails. Boards are fastened upon the three cross-pieces forming the bottom, and with tail, front and side boards fitted on the body of the cart, it is complete. The great lumbering wheels, consisting of nave,



of spokes and felloes, are of oak, rough hewn. The felloes are about five inches wide, the wheel five feet high. They are very much dished, giving great steadiness to the cart in going on a sidling road. They pass over soft and swampy ground where wagon wheels would almost sink out of sight. The axle is, after the wheel, the most important part and is made of oak. The axle having to bear the weight of the heavy load, requires to be carefully made and then to be well trimmed and adjusted to prevent friction. The axle is lashed to the cart with dampened shagganappe, which shrinks, and so holds it firmly. Five or six of these axles are used up in the course of a trip. They are manufactured as they are needed on the way.

In this cart is placed either an ox or

an Indian pony. The harness used for these is the same, consisting of the strips of buffalo hide, the shape of the collar for the ox being a little different from that of the horse, and so arranged that it will not gall the neck of its wearer. The holdback is so adjusted as to enable the beast of burden to hold back in descending a hill. The carts carry from 800 to 1,000 lbs., and require to be filled by a practised packer. Four carts are under the charge of one voyageur, and more than that number are fastened together, the leading rein of the ox or pony being tied to the tail of the cart ahead. The driver is provided with a gun and a supply of ball, powder and shot. As these are always at his hand, he becomes a real Nimrod of the plains. It happens, quite often, going over prairie trails, crossing ravines or sloughs, that cart, load, or ox may be overturned. To the greenhorn on the plains, as the Indian calls him, "Moonias," such a disaster seems without remedy. But the skilful voyageur soon spliced his broken trams, replaced his broken railways, and this all done by the ready use of shagganappe, so that the uninjured ox or pony was soon on his way again. The starting of the brigade of carts from Fort Garry, on the Red River, was a

River bannock was in course of preparation. It was simply flour, water and salt. The dough was kneaded on a bag spread out on a buffalo skin, the cakes were flattened and baked in a frying pan over the fire, and were soon ready. When the water had boiled in the kettle, the pemmican bag was broached, a quantity of it was stirred into the boiling water, flour and salt were added, and thus resulted the celebrated "rubaboo," as it was called. When the mixture was thickened it then was called "rowscho," but for the journey the former was preferable. Hot bannocks and piping hot "rubaboo" were served around, the latter in cups, and the tea in tin cups soon began to disappear among the hungry company. The appetite stimulated by fresh air and exercise was surprising, and a dyspeptic being looking on at such a meal would turn green with envy.

One day our midday camp was struck just beyond the crossing of the Big Salt River. We were just ready for lunch when a democrat wagon hove in sight containing a coal black Sambo as driver and three gentlemen. As they approached they looked long and enquiringly on the camping scene, with its grazing animals, carts, and a company of swarthy natives, in the middle of a vast prairie. On calling over on them, I found a distinguished party, consisting of Hon. Joseph Howe, Secretary of State for the Dominion of Canada, which was then talking of annexing the Red River settlement; Mr. W. E. Sanford, of Hamilton, Ont., afterwards Senator, and Mr. William McGregor, of Windsor, since that time a member of the Canadian House of Commons.

I invited the party to lunch with me; fortunately we had bear steak and pemmican in its two-fold messes. Curiosity, more than lunch, induced an acceptance. I carried a bottle of very old St. Croix rum, so far as I was concerned for the stomach's sake, not the palate. At the sight of the amber fluid the Hon. Mr. Howe clapped his hands, and turning to Mr. Sanford exclaimed, "Sanford, there is corn in Egypt," which they 'tested heartily. This trip of Mr. Howe to Fort Garry was the one which Mr. McDougall accused him in parliament of undertaking to prejudice the settlers against him. Mr. Howe plied me with questions touching affairs at the settlement. The party proceeded northward, we south. Scarcely two hours had passed when the democrat returned. By an accident Mr. Sanford's gun had gone off and lodged its contents in the calf of McGregor's leg.

Two hours was usually enough for the midday camp, but if the day was hot a longer time was allowed. When the camp was struck the capture of oxen and ponies was always exciting. Knowing their advantage, they played a good game of hide and seek, and were coy to the advances of their masters. Sometimes to drive the refractory



animals among the carts was a last resort. At such times the hot nature of the voyageur was apt to get the better of him.

When the start had taken place many an incident was sure to follow. Without bridges, ferry, or a boat, a heavily loaded train has serious difficulty in crossing streams. A heavy fall of rain may change fordable streams into booming rivers. In such cases a boat was improvised from materials on hand. Four cart wheels were taken and placed dish upwards and the four points of contact securely fastened together. On the outer rims four pieces of wood were lashed, forming a square. Meanwhile six buffalo hides were soaked, when sufficiently soft, sewed together and spread out, upon which the frame work was placed. The edges were brought up and laced to the outer bars, one line fastened to the stern, another at the bow. A party would then swim across, carrying the bow line over; the boat was launched, and floated like a duck, with a capacity of 800 lbs. The whole transportation was accomplished, amidst a cloud of mosquitoes, sand flies and all prairie annoyances, including mud. It was during this work one heard untranslatable language, as accident and adventure took place at the crossing.

Even when the crossing of streams was not so serious there was always the possibility of upset and disaster. Coming to the steep bank of a river to be crossed, a line was tied to the middle of the axle of the cart, and a turn of the line made around the trunk of a tree on the bank. Thus the ox and cart was led gradually down the deep incline until the water was reached. On the opposite bank corresponding arrangements were made to haul them up from the bed of the stream.

The afternoon journey was usually continued for about twelve or fifteen miles, when the cheerful word, both to man and beast, was given to halt for the night. The cuisine was again put into operation, though the menu was somewhat changed. Instead of rubaboo, "re-chaud" was served, commonly corrupted "row-scho," from the Latin re and French chaud, to heat over. Pemmican cooked in a frying pan, a little grease, pepper, salt, with

a trace of onions and potatoes added, constituted this, a dish to set before a king. If the night was clear, and the moon flooded the prairie with her silver light, robes were spread. The sound of the fiddle invited the dance. Thee Red River jig was struck up, and one after another exercised himself to his heart's content, as the shouts of the audience stimulated him. Amidst peals of laughter and snatches of voyageur's song, dull care was forever banished from the camping ground, and you were compelled to acknowledge that the voyageur is "a fellow of infinite humor." But the best of company must part. Somnus touched the eyelids, wrapped in robes and blankets each sought to put himself at rest. The music of the spheres was rudely silenced by an appalling outburst of nasal energy, a pandemonium of discordant notes fills the air, happily "sweet oblivion" came to the most wakeful and he too may add his note to the general discord. Thus the day ended.

My return trip from St. Paul in 1869 happened to be one of consider-

able importance. Canada had acquired Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, but the formal transfer had not been made. Hon. William McDougall had been named as governor of the Northwest, and he had come by way of St. Paul in the autumn of 1869 to enter on his duties so soon as the formalities should be arranged. In the meantime Louis Riel, Jr., and the French half-breeds had risen in rebellion and seized the main highway along the Red River leading to Fort Garry. The story of this rebellion is beyond our scope. For years agitation against the Hudson's Bay Company had been going on in Red River. The "Nor'-Wester," the only newspaper of Red River, had been begun in 1860 by Messrs. Buckingham & Coldwell, and from this centre the spirit of dissatisfaction spread. The so-called governor was on his way. Mr. McDougall came from St. Paul through Minnesota and Dakota, along the usual trail. I had seen him and his party by the way and now the boundary line of 49 degrees was being approached.

Nearing Pembina, the governor ex-

pectant, family and suite give us the go-by. The glossy blacks cross the line ahead of us. The coming members of the to-be new government make home within the historic enclosure of the H. B. Co's. post October 18th. On the 19th I set out, leaving the train behind. I had four passengers with me, Dr. O., D., madame and two children. Arriving opposite the house of a friendly half-breed, he signalled me to stop, beckoning with his hand. I entered his house. When he cautiously closed the door, he enquired, seemingly with much interest, "Where are the carts?" Continuing, he said, "They have seized McKay's train at St. Norbert and are on the qui vive for yours." My train was loaded with the government household furniture and supplies. "You see, monseigneur, they think McDougall is bringing guns, powder and balls to fight the Metis. You will find a barricade across the road, all Canadians are turned back, and tomorrow twenty men will be here to turn McDougall and his men back to Canada." My democrat being covered with white



About a Horse Nail.

"A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a Nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the rider was lost—being overtaken and slain by the enemy—all for want of care about a Horse Shoe Nail."

—Benjamin Franklin, 1758.

Just a few words about ourselves and the "C" brand horse nails.

This Company was established in 1865, and have therefore been manufacturing horseshoe nails for nearly 39 years.

We make nothing else but horse nails, and are the largest producers of this article in Canada. We believe nearly equal to all others combined.

Our horse nails are of one quality only—the best that our long experience can produce. We use exclusively a special quality of material, made for our purpose in Sweden, which is the best known or used by any maker of horse nails in the world.

Starting with the best material, we use the old and well-tried hot-dipped process, by which our

nails are thoroughly forged from the nail rods at a red heat, and finished and pointed by a process used only by us in Canada.

Every nail is hand sorted and examined, to prevent an imperfect nail from entering a box bearing our "C" brand.

Every box is warranted perfect and ready for immediate use.

They are of the best designs, will drive easiest, and stand more hard usage than any other horse nail made or sold in Canada.

We solicit your kind preference for the "C" brand nails when having your horse shod.

We shall be glad to furnish free samples of our various patterns to farriers or dealers.

Canada Horse Nail Company
MONTREAL.

cotton, would no doubt be an object of suspicion, indicating the arrival of strangers. Communicating what I had heard to the Doctor and Madame doubt and uncertainty flitted like a cloud across their otherwise cheery countenances. We found Pembina in a state of jubilant expectancy. The war muse had inspired a composition of verses in the style of the Marseillaise, which were scattered broadcast. I secured a copy.

Next morning, the 20th, I called on Mr. McDougall. Felt it my duty to inform him what had been communicated me. Handed the martial verses to him in which he figured, volunteered some advice respecting the government's goods. I was quite convinced that the train would be seized. Such portion of it as carried my own goods gave me no concern. It also carried a number of trunks belonging to Captain and Mrs. Cameron. If those should share the impending fate, I feared grave consequences would ensue, which were afterwards realized.

I supposed that I had made my report to a sensible and judicious gentleman, but was egregiously mistaken, as the sequel will show. In my good offices the governor-expectant interpreted treachery, as stated in one of his Northwest reports; he writes: "The person in charge of the government train called upon me and gave me such information as convinces me that if he is not in the pay, he is in the confidence of the insurgents." Mr. McDougall rose from his seat, drew himself up to his full height and struck an imposing attitude, as with outstretched arm and rigid finger, he ordered the train to proceed on the Queen's highway, declaring that he would see that no half-breed dare molest it. That was the last he ever saw of the train or its elegant freight. The melodrama of the Big I and Little U ended, I bowed myself out, regretting "Love's Labor Lost."

In rolled the carts, thirty-six in number. The men were anxious to get home, it being very late in the season, especially Modeste Lagimodiere, a cousin of the late Louis Riel. Before leaving Pembina I secured a cap, capote, belt and a pair of moccasins for future emergency, should it arise. This day, the 20th, we were to meet twenty armed men. Upon Mr. McDougall's arrival at the Hudson's Bay Company's post, Mr. Provencher was despatched to Fort Garry to prepare the way for the government party. But he was not allowed to pass

the barricade. Captain Cameron being an officer of Her Majesty's Royal Artillery, supposing that he would meet with no opposition, although advised not to proceed until there was an assurance of success, set out. The barricade was guarded by a strong band of armed men. Jehu-like, the captain drove his chariot against the obstruction as though he would crush all opposition in his way but unfortunately, it stood the shock. Angered at this humiliation, the order rang out, "Remove that blasted fence," which has since passed into a proverb. French admiration of gallantry found expression on the other side of the barricade. Inexorable, however, are the orders. The captain, unharmed, is turned from the promised land, but the agents of the audacious Riel are as deaf to threats as to reason. Resistance would amount to foolhardiness. The man Lucien, one of the guards, is a Hercules. His enormous strength is irresistible. I saw him, when on a trip from St. Paul, place a barrel of alcohol, containing forty gallons, on his shoulder without any assistance, cross a submerged bridge when the pathway of logs were afloat on the stringers, requiring prodigious strength, and repeat the feat six times.

In the meanwhile we bade adieu to Pembina, and we were on our way to the barricade. The order of march was as follows: First, the white covered democrat, next a Red River cart carrying our camping outfit, driven by a half-breed boy; a saddled pony followed. Being on the lookout, when about twelve miles from Pembina, I discovered a dark line away on the horizon, and as I felt sure there were the twenty men on their way to give Mr. McDougall a surprise, I ordered a halt. Then looking the doctor in the face, I said, "There they come!" A quiver passed over his features. Madame's cheeks blanched slightly. I confess I felt some concern myself. I gave the doctor to understand we had no time to lose. Pointing in the direction they were coming, "See, the cavalcade is advancing rapidly; we are already observed!" The reflection of our white covered vehicle cannot escape those keen-sighted hunters even at this distance. "What is to be done?" inquired the doctor. "Be sure you throw off all reserve, be friendly, shake each heartily—"by the collar," interrupted the doctor. "This is no time for jokes, sir; action, action. I am sorry to announce that your much-cherished Dundreary's must be sacri-

ficed to the god of necessity." This was a stunning blow. They were to be envied. Requesting him to step out, madame handed me a pair of dull scissors. Those black, wavy, silken, flowing, magnificent whiskers, the pride of manhood, the object of careful shaping and culture, the flag nature had stuck to the mast, had now to be lowered. The tonsorial operation began, and perceptibly a moisture gathered in the corners of the victim's eyes. Was it want of skill, or an altered presence? Sentimentalism just now, however, was out of place. The horsemen are approaching. The capote is brought into requisition. It fits well. Cap, belt and moccasins are all arranged. The metamorphosis is complete. It was then arranged that the doctor would drive the cart, the boy to ride the pony, and I manage the democrat—so we proceeded to meet the rapidly approaching band. They deployed across the road, and in less than one-half hour our progress was arrested. We were face to face with a squad of twenty armed and well-mounted men.

They presented an imposing scene on the lonely prairie. I recognized Le Pierrie, Pierre Lavallee and others, all picked men. Alighting from the democrat, the transformed son of Aesculapius doing the same, I met with a gracious reception, which was acknowledged by the process of clasping hands and shaking twenty hands. As I approached, each man lifted his cap. There is an innate characteristic politeness about these Metis which the rude nomadic life they lead cannot eradicate.

In the intensity of my exertion I gave the metamorphosed gentleman a side glance, and was gratified to find him throwing heart and soul into his shake.

As soon as opportunity offered, I asked: "Where are you going, gentlemen?" "To Pembina." You must be on very important business." Yes. Sent by the provisional government to turn Mr. McDougall and company back." "At this season? Impossible! He has women and children with him." "Such are our orders." "Before doing so, ask him to explain his position." "Very well—but our orders are strict." The distinguished manner of the doctor and his home-like appearance attracted considerable attention. Lavallee rode up to me, and exhibiting a rare delicacy, bending low down, asked in a whisper, "Who is this gentleman?" "A friend I am taking to the

Now is the Time

to enroll for a course of study by mail. Business and High School Studies, Household Science, Drawing, Electricity, Agriculture, etc. 100 home courses for spare time study. A good education may be yours. Begin now. Address:

Canadian Correspondence College, Limited,

Toronto, - Canada.

settlement. He is a good doctor and will be useful to us. Do you know Mons. Lavallee, I can pass you and family through?" "Oui, oui, Mons. Riel is very particular." "Prenez garde," cautioned the captain of cavalry. "Pickets are posted along the line of road, you will not see them, but you will be seen."

The restiveness of their well fed steeds broke off further interview. Bowing adieux, amidst the good-will expressed, bon voyage from twenty voices, which we heartily echoed back their horses bounded away under the stimulating effects of whip and spur. A short time placed the cavaleros beyond hearing. We mutually congratulated each other, upon the safe crossing of Rubicon number one. Madame insisted that to her presence success was due. The doctor was equally positive that his equipment was all potent. What of myself? I meekly nodded assent to Madame's views, and expressed a hope that the inspiration, from whatever source, would see us through.

Towards evening the dreaded barricade hove in sight, which we found by close inspection, was guarded by about 150 armed men. That formidable obstruction, "That Blasted Fence," that closed sesame which had defied entrance to a gallant officer and a plenipotentiary, and had so far kept Canada out in the cold! Could we have hoped that these poles would yield to any charms we might possess?

Approaching the obstruction with less address than had been done by others in the face of Riel's swarthy soldiers, we were immediately surrounded. Then began a second enactment of hand-shaking and a general fraternizing, during which the doctor achieved a brilliant triumph. An aged veteran, Captain Landry, approached, demanded where we were going; we having respectfully asked to be allowed to pass, the bars were immediately set aside and we were on the other side of Jordan. Bowing our thanks, a movement was made forward. The veteran instantly waved his sword, which intimated "not so fast," strangers were not allowed to go unchallenged. Was "Paradise Lost?" Captain Landry explained in polite French that the provincial government, which assembled at St. Norbert, compelled to take us for examination. If I had not been present the party would have been turned back. A guard stepped forward, took hold of the bridle, led the way down a narrow avenue flanked on each side by tall poplars. We should have seen something romantic in the surroundings under different circumstances. To add to the gloom which had begun to overshadow us, a cold, cheerless rain began to fall; the air became chilly and raw, there was a dismal look about things.

The gloom was instantly dispelled on reaching the rectory. Father Ritchoy, a burly, brusque gentleman, a Chesterfield in manners, received us most graciously, and we were treated to an excellent tea. In due time we reached Fort Garry and home.



THE TIFF.

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.



Sir Thos. G. Shaughnessy, President.



Chas. H. Hosmer, Director.

Facts and Figures.

England receives every month about \$5,000,000 worth of new gold from Africa, and about \$7,000,000 worth from Australia.

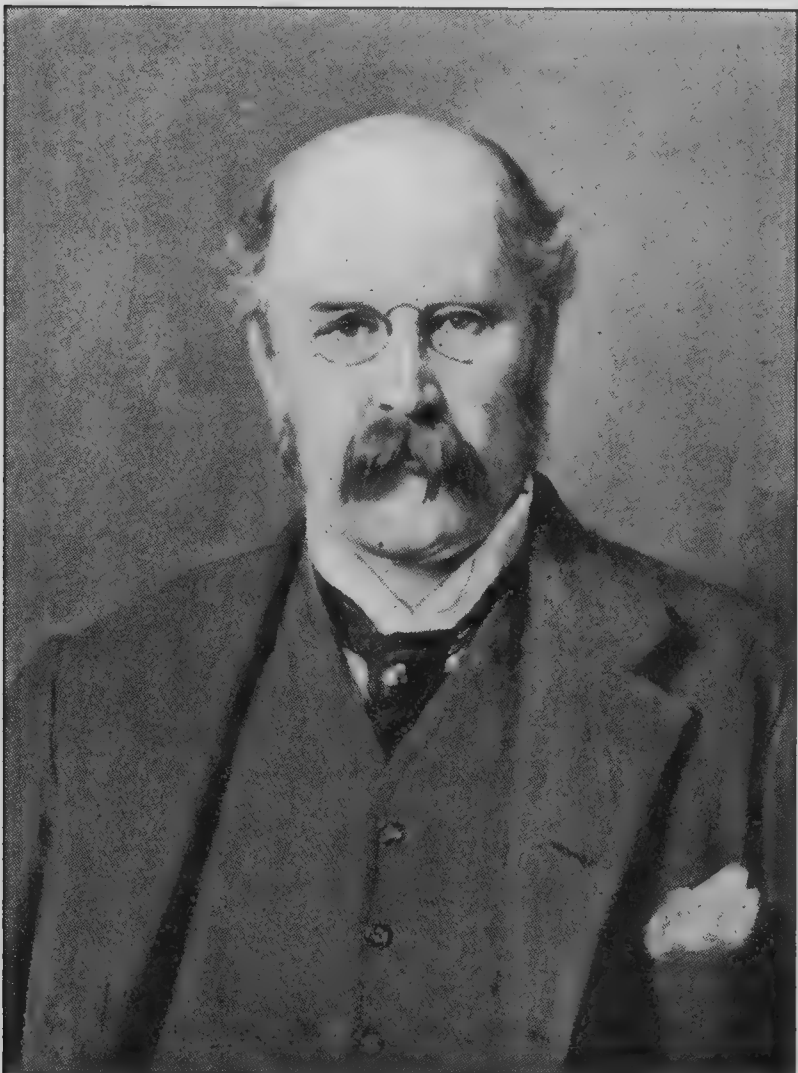
Ireland produces 150 pounds of meat yearly for each head of her population, which is three times greater than England's production per head.

The German population of the world is about 88,000,000, and of this number

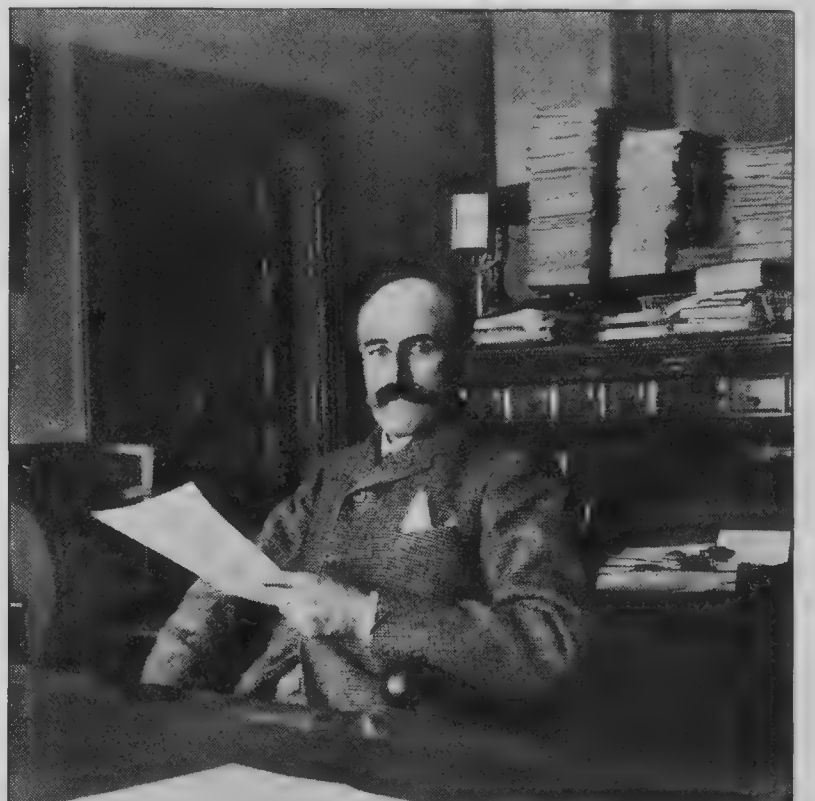
10,920,000 are in the United States.

In the fortified rock of Gibraltar there are 62 miles of tunnels. They are stocked with an ample supply of arms, ammunition and provisions, in readiness for a siege.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Bendigo, Australia. Its shaft is down 3,900 feet, or only 60 feet short of three-quarters of a mile. The heat at that depth is 108 degrees.



E. B. Osler, Director.



W. F. Tye, Chief Engineer.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY MAGNATES.

These gentlemen, along with others, have been in the West for some time, looking over the company's property, and have considerable work in contemplation for 1904-5.

Peanut Production.

The Atlanta Sunny South places Virginia at the head of the countries for the production of the peanut. It says that this product of the soil, like the "Heathen Chinese," is peculiar in many respects. No one knows where it originated—when or by whom.

It has a footing on all of the five great continents on the face of the globe. The product has never been seen in its wild or natural state, and scientific research has failed so far to trace it back to its original starting point or birthplace.

In the absence of any evidence whatever, and the seeming impossibility of securing any, we may be excused therefore in indulging in a little speculation as to its origin.

It being found in all torrid and temperate regions, shows that it has been in existence from a very remote period; as it takes a long time for such a product to become so widely distributed. It is more than probable that the peanut had its origin away back with the people who at a very remote period inhabited the continent, by the ancients named "Atlantis," a large continent occupying most of the space now covered by the waters of the Atlantic ocean.

The peanut comes to us under several names: It is called in different localities "ground nut," "pinder," "ground pea," "earth nut," and "goober." In

and at each end of the joints in the running vine a "peg" like formation is seen issuing from the points.

This "peg" is about as large as a small match, and bends downward from the vine and "pegs," punches or pushes its way into the mellow earth, and the peanuts are formed, under the surface of the soil, on these little "pegs" or "shoots." Its method of propagation is entirely original and different from that of any other product under the sun.

The soil best adapted for the peanut is a sandy loam soil, light in color, quite sandy and free from vegetable matter, unless it be thoroughly decomposed. Peanut soil is literally as mellow as an ash-heap, and the thorough going peanut raiser prepares his soil thoroughly, by eliminating every spear of grass and every weed from the soil, as peanut culture must be clean.

The seed is first shelled by hand for planting, as machinery shelled seed is more or less injured in shelling. Two peanuts are planted in each hill, 12 to 14 inches apart, and the rows about 2½ feet apart.

The planting is done by a one-horse peanut planter, very much like the one-horse corn planter. The seed is planted from two to four inches deep. If the ground be at all weedy or grassy, a cultivator is run between the rows even before the peanut is out of the ground. As soon as the plants are well up, the



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

CANADA'S NATIONAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Toronto, Ont.

75TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR—FOUNDED IN 1829

Oldest established and largest school for boys in Canada. Principal, Henry W. Auden, M.A., Cambridge, and late of Fettes College, Edinburgh. The Senior School accommodates 160 resident pupils. The Preparatory School for beginners accommodates 60 resident pupils.

These Schools are in separate buildings with every modern equipment upon beautiful grounds, 50 acres in extent, one mile north of Toronto, and 300 feet above the level of the lake.

Resident pupils are provided with every care and comfort. The number of day pupils taken is limited. Courses for University and Business. Every facility for the cultivation of sports and athletics. Six scholarships of \$75 each, and six of \$30 each are open to pupils entering. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils. Term commences September 8th, 1904. For calendar and all other information, address

THE BURSAR, Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Ont.

bottom they are run into sacks, according to their grade, and the sacks are sewn up, when the nut is ready to ship.

The nuts are cleaned by fanning, and by abrasion, and by brushing until they look bright and clean and smooth. At last they are carried slowly along on endless belts, and the pickers ranged along on either side pick out all the small or defective or discolored nuts, so that the nuts are cleaned, sorted, graded and sacked ready for the trade.

The prime nuts are all shipped away in the shell to be roasted and sold at five cents a sack all over the country. The smaller nuts are shelled by machinery and sold to confectioners generally. Some of the nuts are made into peanut butter, and some are used for making oil. The first pressure brings an oil almost equal to olive oil, and is used for adulterating olive oil, it being hard to distinguish the counterfeit from the real.

The second pressure is used for making soaps and lubricants. The hull or shell is used for bedding. If it be ground together with the peanut cake after the oil is pressed out of it, the mixture makes a good feed for stock. So that the nut and the vine are both pretty well used by man, about the same as the cotton crop is utilized.

The larger portion of the crop in the United States is grown in four Virginia counties, viz.: Isle of Wight, Nansemond, Surrey and Southampton. The first county named leads the world in peanut production. One firm in this county handles 350,000 sacks of peanuts annually—more than one million bushels. In doing this they ship thirty-five to forty car loads of peanuts per week the year around.

At another point in the peanut sec-

tion, Suffolk, Va., peanuts often go out by the train load.

There are great peanut cleaning establishments located at Franklin, Petersburg, Waverly, Wakefield, Suffolk, Smithfield and Norfolk, the last named city having the honor of handling more peanuts than any other city in the world. The number of hands employed in these establishments reaches 1,500 to 2,000.

It is estimated that fully 10 per cent. more peanuts are consumed during the year of presidential election than the intervening years. Just what is the relation between presidents, peanuts and politics we leave for political economists to determine.

The peanut is a paying southern product and it is probable that its cultivation will increase with time.

—○○○—

Caterpillars as Lacemakers.

A German officer is reported to have invented a new kind of lace. He first pounds together about fifty or sixty leaves of a special tree, on which live small caterpillars peculiar to Bavaria. This composition, when reduced to a pulp, is thinly spread on a slate, and on this smooth surface a design is drawn with a pencil dipped in olive oil, and then the greedy caterpillars are placed on either side of the slate to at once begin their work of destruction by eating away as quickly as possible the layer of paste, without touching, however, the traceries of the oily pencil. The result is what we should call a stencil design, but whether sufficiently firm to be utilized as a dress trimming is not stated in the report. The process is at least most ingenious, and appears to deserve more the name of stencilling or applique work than of lace.—Home Journal.



PEANUT FIELD.

Showing a Negro and His Son Harvesting the Festive "Goober."

foreign countries it has also many "aliases;" in fact, botany steps in and names the harmless inoffensive little product, "arachio hypogea," and still it lives and thrives, and is making its way into the hearts and stomachs of all the people, as the annual consumption of the nut in the United States alone is 100,000,000 million pounds per annum, worth \$10,000,000.

The peanut is peculiar in this. The nut does not grow on the vines or stalks above ground, like the tomato, for example; nor does it cling to the roots of the plant, below the ground, like a potato. It has clearly and distinctly an original and only way of its own. It has a way of propagating itself, unlike anything else in the fruit, vegetable or nut line, and the peanut seems to be a sort of combination between the three—nut, fruit and vegetable.

The peanut resembles a nut in appearance, and then, too, it is in a shell. It also resembles a vegetable—the pea—because it is in a pod, and there are one, two and often three peas in the peanut pod. It belongs also to the clover family or tribe, and gathers nitrogen from the air in just the same way as the clover family. The foliage is also greedily eaten by the sheep, cow and the mule. It is considered, ton for ton, as valuable for hay as good clover.

A ton of well-cured peanut vines will make as much milk as a ton of the best clover hay. As stated above, its method of propagation is also very peculiar. It is planted, in this latitude, in May, and blooms in June and July, having a beautiful purple bloom not at all unlike the blossoms of the pea.

Immediately after blooming it begins to "peg," as the natives term it. The peanut vine runs along on the ground,

"Hallock" or "Breed" weeder or some similar implement is run, generally diagonally, across the rows, both ways, keeping the ground very mellow and keeping down the grass and weeds.

In latter part of June or in July the peanut blooms and "pegs," after which time the soil must not be disturbed, and at such time the vines have generally thoroughly covered all the space between the hills and between the rows.

In October, before frost, the nuts are plowed out or loosened up by means of specially prepared plows. After the vines have laid in the sun a few hours to wilt, the hands with pitch forks lift the vines with the nuts clinging thereto, and they are stacked around poles very much as beans are stacked. Care is taken to turn the nuts inward so that the vines shelter or cover the nuts, that they may not become discolored by being exposed to the sun or rain.

After a few weeks the hands are sent into the field to pick off the peanuts from the vines, for which they are paid ten cents per bushel. This is a regular picnic for the hands employed. It is about like hop picking time in the hop growing sections.

If the farmer is in need of funds, the peanuts are taken at once to the peanut cleaning establishment nearest at hand, where he receives his cash at the rate of two to three cents per pound. If he can hold until later in the season he is likely to receive a higher price. The nuts are handled by weight—22 lbs. making a bushel, and a sack holding four bushels.

At the cleaning establishments the nuts are carried by elevators to the top of the four-storey building, and begin their journey downward, being cleaned and assorted as they go, until at the



St. John's Cathedral and Cemetery, Winnipeg.

Boys and Girls

What Little May Heard.

I just ran away to the buttercup lot,
When mamma told me I'd better not,
And a little brown birdie, up in a tree,
As true as you live, kept a-saying to me,
"Naugh-tee May! ran away!"
Till I didn't know what to do.
Now, how do you s'pose he knew?
And once we went to the meadow brook,
Josie and me, with a fishing hook,
And the very same birdie sang again,
Over and over, and just as plain,
"Naugh-tee May! ran away!"
And Josie heard him, too.
Now, how do you s'pose he knew?
Josie, she guesses what I heard
Was just my conscience, 'stead of a bird;
But the water looked so scowly and black,
We took hold of hands and ran right back,
And all the way we heard it say,
"That is the best thing to do."
And mamma she said so, too.
—Emily Huntington Miller.

Some Good Rules.

These rules, handed down by somebody's grandmother, are good ones for our boys and girls to remember:

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen to wise old grandmother. Do the hard things first and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first, and play afterwards. Do first the things you don't like to do, and then with a clear conscience, try the rest.

How Dolls are Made.

Of whatever material the doll is made—wax, porcelain, or composition—the processes by which its beauty is evolved is practically the same. First the head. In France and other European countries, machinery is little used. The hot liquid is ladled into the lead or plaster moulds. Over here, the workman, holding the mould in one hand, turns a faucet, and allows the steaming white mixture to rush into the cavity. Quickly reversing the mould over an opening in the tank, he grasps and fills another and another, reversing each one to allow all the mixture which does not immediately adhere to the sides of the mould to run back into the tank.

Another workman seizes the mould as soon as it is cool enough to handle, and with two movements of his hands separates the leaden sides and pulls out the doll's head. It is not a lovely object in this stage, nor ten minutes later, even, when the polisher has trimmed off the ragged seams and the dyer has dipped it in flesh-colored paint. If it is to be a wax doll, its complexion resembles a freshly boiled lobster. This is because the wax itself is white. Some of us found that out for ourselves when we surreptitiously sampled the cheeks of sister's idol in lieu of forbidden chewing gum, not dreaming that the cheeks would show.

A girl or youth next paints the eyebrows, lips, and cheeks, and a man puts in the eyes. This last is a simple operation, unless the eyes are to open and shut, when the balancing of the lead becomes a matter of some skill. Nothing now remains but to put on the beautiful wax wig, which is tastefully curled and arranged by an expert workman. No mere clod is intrusted with the doll's coiffure, you may assure yourself.

The best doll-bodies are stuffed with shavings of cork; hair, excelsior, cotton and sawdust are also used. The arms and legs are moulded exactly as the heads, and are sewed to their place by deft-fingered girls.

The majority of dolls are sent to market without being clothed at all, but doll-dressmaking is a very important branch of toy-manufacture—Woman's Home Companion.

Not to be Balked.

A comparison made by an old carpenter twenty years ago may be applied in much wider sense than he had in mind. He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one had done just as well as the other.

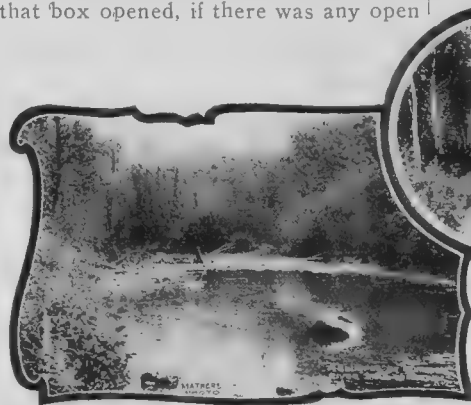
"Um-m!" said the carpenter. "I presume to say their work looks about a piece, but I'll tell you the difference betwixt those two boys. You give Ed



just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs he'll make his own tools and say nothing about it.

"If I was cast on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed to do it, without I could point him out a hammer.

"But Cy," added the old carpenter, with a snap of his fingers. "The lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy! He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open

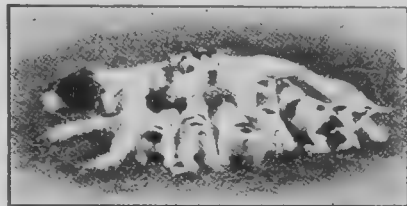


to it! I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life."

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words, for while the boy who "made his own tools" is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman. —The Youth's Companion.

Doing Things the Best Way.

Some things will make a difference some day—if not now. There is a best way to do most of the common duties of life, even though they seem to accomplish just as satisfactory results in another way. In the addressing of a letter, for instance, it is better to do it in a mode most accommodating to the postal service. "I'm not afraid but that the letter will get there all right," said a youth, on being informed



of a better way to address it. That is not the question. No doubt the letter would carry. But the habit of thinking that things will do any way is one of the presages of failure in life. The habit of caring for the best way is the habit that leads to success. The thing of today is small; the habit it forms is great.—Sunday School Times.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A forth is—and oh, children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once.

A True Fairy Tale.

Do you know of the house
Where the ginger-snaps grow?
Where tarts for us children
March out in a row?
Where wishing is having?
Where—Isn't it grand!
Just up in the garret
Is real Fairyland?
Where the youngsters can caper
And romp and halloo,
For they always do right,
Whatever they do?
You don't know the house?
Then, oh, deary me,
I'm sorry for you!
Why, it's grandma's, you see!

Maxims for Success.

Probably there is, for the boy just beginning his life work, no word so full of magic as success. Magazines and periodicals pay large sums to leading men in all departments of work, for papers telling how they won their places, and what the chances are for young men of today. Everywhere one finds mottoes, maxims, rules, the observance of which is warranted to bring the coveted reward. Perhaps as fine a set of maxims for business as was ever compiled is the one quoted below:

Preserve by all means in your power
"a sound mind in a sound body."
Have a definite aim.
Go straight for it.
At times be bold; always prudent.



Always know more than you are expected to know.

Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome.

Treat failures as stepping stones to further effort.

Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back.

The minority often beats the majority in the end.

Make good use of other men's brains.

Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.

After all, is it not always written in one word, character?—Exchange.

Mothers are Queer.

Mothers are the queerest things!
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-bye that day,
She just talked and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet.
But when John came back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurraed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!
—Century.

What is the difference between a soldier, an old maid and a sandwich? A soldier faces the powder, an old maid powders the face, and when asked where the sandwich comes in you say, "Oh, that's where you bite."

Why is blind man's bluff like sympathy? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the drier they are the better they crack.

What trade does a minister represent at a wedding? A joiner.

When are carpenters like circumstances? When they alter cases.

What is it that never asks questions, but requires so many answers? A door bell.

A Whistler.

Never complained of the trusts
Grinding the world to clay.
"What do I keer if the whole world bu'sts?"
And he toiled and whistled away.

Whistled away;
December or May
He was jogging along
In a maze of song,
Whistling the wolves away.

What was the world to him,
With its mad turmoil and fray?
The blue o' the sky and the birds were his;
So he dreamed—and whistled away.

From the autumn's gray
To the dimpled May,
Or the noon of June,
His soul was atune
With the hills—and he whistled away.

A black box rattled along
Bearing its load of clay;
Penciled in plain, grey text this song:
"He whistled his soul away."

Whistled away,
December and May;
But he dropped a song
As he trudged along,
That the world will sing for aye.
—Carol Elmore.

"Young Idea's" Random Shots.

The following list of amusing mistakes made by British schoolboys in their examination papers is compiled by the University correspondent:

Iron is found in large quantities for manufacturing purposes in S. France.

The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south and east.

Question: Define the first person. Answer: Adam.

Blood consists of two sorts of corkscrews — red corkscrews and white corkscrews.

Asked to explain what a buttress is, one boy replied, "A woman who makes butter," and another, "A female butcher."

Teacher's dictation: "His choler rose to such a height that passion well-nigh choked him." Pupil's reproduction: "His collar rose to such a height that fashion well-nigh choked him."

A sky scraper is an overtrimmed hat.

Political economy is the science which teaches us to get the greatest benefit with the least possible amount of honest labor.

A Job's comforter is a thing you give babies to soothe them.

In the United States people are put to death by elocution.

Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling from the trees.

WE'RE A NATION OF DYSPEPTICS

Our Stomachs Need Rest and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Give Them the Rest They Need.

Medical men declare that nine out every ten have stomach trouble of some kind or other, that quick lunches, half-chewed food, excitement, etc., are all doing their share towards making us a nation of dyspeptics. They claim that our stomachs need rest.

Dodd's Dyspeptic Tablets give tired stomachs rest by doing their work for them. That's why they cure indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all other stomach ills. Edward Rousseau, of Bruce Mines, Ont., says:

"For upwards of ten years I was a severe sufferer from dyspepsia. I doctored continually and used almost everything I could hear of, but never got any permanent relief until I used Dodd's Dyspeptic Tablets.

"I have taken two boxes of them and words cannot express the great good they have done me. I am now feeling like a new man.

An American Buddhist Temple.

The Scientific American says:

A curious side light to the war is the number of petitions ascending to the God of Battles. While the Russians are holding services in the various churches of their faith, in the Russian quarters of American cities Hebrews are reported to be praying to their Messiah to bring to rout the hosts of the Czar and humble their persecutor as the enemies of the Israelites of old were humbled. But the strangest petitions of all are to be heard in the Buddhist temple at the University of Pennsylvania. Here, in a place of worship for devotees of Buddha set up piece by piece by the late Prof. Sommerville, of the chair of glyptology, who spent the greater part of his life travelling in the Orient in search of curios, the Japanese in this country find themselves in an atmosphere that is so like that of the Land of the Lotus that they easily imagine themselves transported to their island home, worshipping at the familiar shrine of their early days.

Not a single article necessary to sup-

to every Buddhist temple. Their threatening attitude is to command intending worshippers to leave all levity behind



Prof. Maxwell Sommerville, Who Founded the Buddhist Temple at the University of Pennsylvania.

when they cross the sacred portals of the temple proper.

Past these threatening figures the pil-

process that precedes the entrance to the house of prayer. From this place of cleansing the pilgrim passes to the temple, in the solemn silence of which he is at liberty to offer his petitions to any of the several gods within the rail. It is no new thing for the attendants at the temple to find Orientals kneeling before the altar. Since the war broke out, however, the visitors who come for prayer and not through curiosity have been steadily increasing in number. The favorite god is a great Buddha that stands on a pedestal outside the railing that surrounds the altar. Some of the gods are magnificent specimens of Oriental carving. This one is just a plain Buddha, the round face and full lips seeming to breathe peacefulness on the surroundings. He is not the kind of god one would picture as a deity of martial characteristics. The serene face is full of gentle benevolence. But the Orientals believe that their Buddha can control the destinies of nations, and so they bow before this large-faced god and petition him to so order things that the Japanese banners will wave over the discomfited forces of the Czar and Budd-

tured frequently at the Buddhist temple. At times he assumed the garb of a Buddhist priest and stood before the altar explaining the services to his audience. At these times it was not unusual for true Buddhists to attend and, far as they were from the Orient, join in a genuine service in which their individual prayers were for the one object that stirs the heart of the Japanese—victory for the Mikado's forces in the East.

Telegraphing Pictures and Handwriting.

In an address recently delivered at the Berlin Urania, Prof. Cerebotani presented a telegraphic apparatus for transmitting any kind of handwriting, drawing, etc. The fundamental principle is identical with the principle employed for instance by Elisha Gray, the novel feature being a highly sensitive system of electro-magnets. In the case of the drawing pencil of the transmitter being moved upward in an oblique direction, the line obtained in the receiving apparatus of previously-invented systems is a broken one. In Cerebotani's system, the electro-magnets are so sensitive as to produce nearly straight lines, even in the case of their being excited by extremely small currents. The telegraphic transmission of pictures and handwriting, as obtained by means of his apparatus, is therefore much clearer and truer than in the case of any previous apparatus. Some samples produced by Cerebotani were transmitted on the telegraph lines from Munich to Augsburg, from Milan to Turin, and finally from Berlin to Munich. A picture transmitted some weeks ago from Berlin to Munich over a distance of 403 miles is said to be the finest specimen of telegraphic transmission ever obtained in this direction.—Scientific American.

The Highest of Waterfalls.

The highest waterfall in the world, geography tells us, is the Cerosola cascade, in the Alps, having a fall of 2,400 feet; that of Arvey, in Savoy, is 1,100 feet, and the falls of the Yosemite valley range from 700 to 1,000 feet. But higher yet is the waterfall in the San Cuayatan canyon, in the State of Durango, Mexico. It was discovered by some prospectors, ten years ago, in the great barranca district which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine, Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With great difficulty the party pushed on, and up and down the mighty chasms until they beheld the superb fall that is at least 3,000 feet high.

"Walkin' Home With Mary."

The moon was silver-white that night,
The snow was pure and sparklin'.
And trees and bushes 'gainst the white
Was blots of shadder, darkenin'.
Each fence rail had a jeweled load,
Each twig was gemmed and glary,
And I, along the pastur' road,
Was walkin' home with Mary.

So still, a dog two miles away
Could reach us with his howlin',
The tumblin' breakers in the bay
Was plain as thunder growlin'.
My clumsy boot heels crunch and squeak,
Beside her step so airy,
Seemed sayin', "Now's your time to speak;
You're walkin' home with Mary."

The fur-off breakers lent their help
By boom-in' "Now young feller!"
And all that dog could find to yelp
Was "Tell her! Tell her! Tell her!"
And every crackin' bit of ice
Seemed like a kind of fairy,
A-givin' me the same advice,
When walkin' home with Mary.

And so I swallowed down my heart—
"Twarn't greatly to my credit,
With all the airth to take my part—
But, anyhow, I said it.
And then that dog shet off his bark;
There wasn't a breaker, nary;
The hull wide world stood still to hark
And hear the word from Mary.

She answered, and the breakers fell
And roared congratulation;
That blessed dog let out a yell
That must a-woke the nation.

'Twas thirty year or more ago,
Yet still it makes me scary
To think, what if I'd heard a "No"
When walkin' home with Mary.



THE INNER ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE.
Showing the Racks on which hang the Towels all the Buddhists use during the Cleansing Process that Precedes Worship.

port this idea is missing from the Buddhist temple that Prof. Sommerville has built up. Buddhas of various sizes, but all with the placid face and large head of the god of the Orient, smile benevolently and eternally at the visitors to the temple; lotus plants, symbolical of the life that springs from a lowly beginning to a splendid flowering, give color to the scene around the altar; gods little and big and of various stations in the world of Japanese deities rest on their pedestals within the rail, and smile or threaten according to their mission.

In this curious temple Japanese resident in Philadelphia and chance pilgrims to the Quaker City gather at times during the day to pray for victory for the arms of the Mikado. At the entrance to the temple, or rather at the outer gateway, are the figures of two semi-mendicant fruit sellers, life-size and constructed with the wonderful fidelity to nature for which the Japanese artists are noted. Were they at home the pious Japs would stop to buy from the fruit sellers. As it is they pass the lifelike figures with their pathetic air of emaciated poverty, and walk through the outer gates of the temple to where two gigantic statues stand with great, muscular arms uplifted in an attitude suggestive of dire vengeance should any pilgrim misbehave. These are the Gods of Silence that are found at the entrance

grim goes to the inner gate of the temple where he is confronted in the softly-lighted passageway by the rack on which are placed the towels used by all true worshippers of Buddha in the cleansing

hism triumph over the Greek Church.

Always with the explanation that he was a follower of Christ, although an admirer of many features of the Buddhist religion, Prof. Sommerville lec-



MENDICANT FRUIT SELLERS.
These are at the Outer Gate of the Temple.

A Real Log Cabin.

On the Marble and Middle Fork Divide of the Kaweah River, California, there is a noble forest of sequoias, of which Mr. John Muir, the well-known naturalist and mountaineer, writes:—"After a general exploration of the Kaweah Basin, this part of the sequoia belt seemed to me the finest, and I then named it the 'Giant Forest.' It extends, a magnificent growth of giants grouped in pure simple groves, ranged in colonnades along the sides of meadows, or scattered among the other trees, from the granite headlands overlooking the hot foothills and plains of the San Joaquin back to within a few miles of the old glacier fountain at an elevation of 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea."

In this region Mr. Muir came across a man who was herding a band of horses that had been driven up a rough

which makes matches by the wagon load every day, it is not fed straight with the grain, but at a slight angle. The result is a substantial enough appearing match, but there is no strength there and it will break with the slightest pressure.

Take your penknife and split a few lengthwise and see how many will split straight and true. Not many, for the grain is crooked. Did you ask how this happens?

If one man breaks three matches in one day, how many matches do all the men, women and children in the United States break in a year? And every match they break creates a sale for just one more.

The homely old black match was not made by a trust, but it was a straight, upright, well-behaved match that did not fly to pieces and burn your fingers and set the house afire.—Popular Mechanics.



trail from the lowlands to feed on the forest meadows. When Mr. Muir, whose scanty supply of food was running low, asked if he might have some flour, the man said, "Yes, of course, you can have anything I've got. Just take my track and it will lead you to my camp in a big hollow log on the side of a meadow two or three miles from here. I'll be back before night; in the meantime make yourself at home." By the middle of the afternoon Mr. Muir had discovered "his noble den in a fallen sequoia hollowed by fire—a spacious log-house of one log, carbon-lined, centuries old, yet sweet and fresh, weather-proof, earthquake-proof, likely to outlast the most durable stone castle, and commanding views of garden and grove grander far than the richest king ever enjoyed." The mountaineer soon came in, and he and John Muir enjoyed a talk on trees, animals, etc., while he busily prepared the evening meal.

Mr. Muir wandered about for several days within a radius of six or seven miles of the camp, studying the surrounding country and at last regretfully bade good-bye to his host, "the kind sequoia cave-dweller," as he called him.—Scientific American.

Why do Matches Break?

Have you noticed how easily the ordinary match, most generally used, breaks? You pick up one to light the gas or a cigar, and snap! off goes the head or half the stick, leaving only a splinter in your hand. You repeat the process, and if in a hurry or a trifle impatient at the annoyance, you will likely break two or three matches before you succeed in your purpose.

Has it ever occurred to you there was any special reason for all this breakage and waste?

The old-fashioned black-headed sulphur match, however abominable with its choking fumes, was an honest match. But there were no trusts then.

The matches of to-day are not honest, respectable matches. They are not "straight" goods. They are cut on a "bias."

When the block of wood from which they are cut is fed into the machine

Only a Word.

A young girl sat on the piazza of her home, her pale cheek and drooping figure telling of recent illness. She was watching the raking of leaves from the grass, and as the man passed her with his rake she aroused herself from her languor to say:

"You keep the lawn looking so nicely, John. I like to see it that way."

He was only the hired man, a stranger in a strange land, and this was but one of a score of duties that he was paid for doing. Probably no one had ever thought of praising him before, and he had no answer ready.

A week later the gentle invalid was gone—slipped away suddenly out of encircling arms, out of the world like the vanishing of a snow wreath. No one thought of John as among the mourners; he was only driver of the family carriage which carried some of the friends, but to one of these with whom he found himself alone he told of the kind commendation, the last words he had heard the girl speak, and added, with voice growing husky:—

"As long as I stay there the lawn will be kept as Miss Helen liked to see it."

The little word had left a legacy of brightness and awakened a heart to new loyalty and faithfulness.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.

Paste These up Before You.

It's not what you say but what you do that counts. An ounce of "do" is worth a pound of "say."

Don't just think you know. Find out—be sure.

High ideals, without ability to carry them out, are valueless.

Hard work alone does not count. The world judges a man by results.

The man who can, but doesn't, must give way to the man who can't, but tries.

Many a man who is supposed to be making money has to borrow car fare of his wife.

Mr. Gladstone and the Outcast.

At Union Chapel, Islington, one Sunday evening, Rev. W. Hardy Harwood preached a sermon on "The Religious Life of Mr. Gladstone," in the course of which he related a touching incident which has never, he thinks, been published. The story was told by one who was a strong, even a bitter, opponent of Mr. Gladstone. Happening to be in the neighborhood of Downing street one day, this gentleman had seen Mr. Gladstone speak to a woman who evidently belonged to the saddest class to be found in our streets, and then walk with her to his house, which they entered together. Presently the woman came out alone, and the gentleman asked her if she knew who it was that had spoken to her. "Yes," she said, "Mr. Gladstone." Further questions elicited that, immediately on entering the house, Mr. Gladstone had sent for Mrs. Gladstone, that they had given her tea, and had talked to her most kindly about her way of life, and offered to help her to recover her position. And then the Prime Minister of England, his wife and the poor outcast woman had knelt together in prayer. "I will never again," said the narrator of the incident, "speak a word against that man."

A Cure for Worldliness.

There is a modern story of a merchant who was devoted to high purposes in life, who was determined to be a man free from bondage to the lower things. One day a ship of his that was coming homeward was delayed. He became anxious, and the next day was yet more troubled, and the third day still more.

Then he came to himself, awakening to the true condition of bondage to earthly things, and said: "Is it possible that I have come to love money for itself, and not for its nobler uses?" Taking the value of the ship and its cargo, he gave it to charities, not because he wished to be rid of the money, but because only thus could he get the conquest over himself, holding his love of money under his feet.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

A Cheap Bag Holder.

Various different bag-holders are to be found at the hardware stores, but many farmers do not invest in all the conveniences for obvious reasons. The bag-holder illustrated on this page can be made in a little while by any one who can handle tools at all.

The strips of lumber may be about



two inches wide, and the up-and-down pieces cut nearly four feet long. Four wire nails driven through them at the proper height, and bent up so as to form a hook, will do to hold the bag in shape, and grain, potatoes, etc., may be poured or shoveled in.

The cost is almost nothing, while the convenience is great.—Farm Star.

Alaska Weddings.

Wooing and wedding in Alaska among the natives are interesting and peculiar rites. When a young man is of a suitable age to marry, his mother, his aunt, or his sister looks up a wife for him. He seldom marries a woman younger than himself. She is much older, and sometimes is double his age and even more. She is selected from a family whose position equals his or is even higher. When a suitable woman is found, the young man is asked how many blankets and animal skins he is willing to pay for her. When this important question is settled, a feast is arranged in the home of the bride, and the friends of both families are invited. When the company is assembled, the woman's people extol the greatness of their family. The young man's marriage gifts are spread out where they will make a fine show and then his family sound their praises. The ceremony lasts from one to two days, and finally the young bridegroom takes his wife to his own abode.

Learning How to Live.

There are people who go about the world looking for slights, and they are necessarily miserable, for they find them at every turn—especially the imaginary ones. One has the same pity for such men as for the very poor. They are morally illiterate. They have had no real education, for they have never learned how to live.

Few men know how to live. We grow up at random, carrying into mature life the merely animal methods and motives which we had as little children. And it does not occur to us that all this must be changed; that much of it must be reversed; that life is the finest of the fine arts; that it has to be learned with lifelong patience, and that the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.—Henry Drummond.

When boarding a street car in company with a woman a man permits her to enter first, assisting her up the steps; he alights first in order to assist her in alighting.

As an invitation is accepted at the time of answering say, "It gives me much pleasure to accept, etc., not 'it will give me much pleasure, etc.'"

Invitations to a wedding, reception or any entertainment may be recalled in case of death, accident or serious illness in the family. The notes or cards recalling the invitations may be written or printed in script, the wording explaining the cause for the recall of the invitations.

THIS MESSAGE IS FOR WOMEN

Dame Bradette Cured of all her Pains by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered for Years before she found Quick Relief in the great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Rose du Degele, Temiscouata Co., Que., Sept 10 (Special).—Suffering women all over Canada will read with feelings of interest and relief the experience of Dame Amedee Bradette of this place.

"It gives me pleasure to be able to tell," says Dame Bradette, "that I am cured of all the ills I suffered for a number of years. I found in Dodd's Kidney Pills quick relief from all my pains. I only had to take one box to bring back my health, and in five months I have had no return of my trouble."

Those troubles known only to women always spring from disordered kidneys. The female organs are entirely dependent on the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure the kidneys. That is why they always bring health and cheerfulness to weak, run-down, suffering women.

Pattern Department.

The Western Home Monthly will send any single pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. When two patterns are illustrated either may be had on receipt of 10c., or both on receipt of 20c. New subscribers sending us 50c. for one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly may select one pattern as a premium. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

GIRL'S FROCK.

No. 4543—Never has the growing girl been so well taken care of in the matter of dress as this season. The quaint and picturesque features that characterize the fashions of the grown ups are emphasized in those of the growing girls. In the charming model shown here the shoulder is brought well down over the arm, forming a sleeve-cap, which gives a decidedly old fashioned air. The waist is slightly gathered at the neck edge and may be worn in guimpe style if desired. The skirt is the popular flounced style and is most becoming to growing girls. The dress is as pretty made up in linen or wash goods as in the more expensive weaves. A charming development would be of natural color pongee, trimming the dress with Oriental bands. Lawn linen, madras or silk combine well to the mode. Material required for medium size, 6 yards, 36 inches wide.

Sizes: 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 years.



CHILD'S FROCK.

No. 4336—A delightful change in the sailor costume, which will be heralded with joy by the youngsters and mothers, who have grown tired of the large sailor collars, is pictured here. This model is suitable for small boys or girls. The blouse, with its Dutch collar and cuffs, has one box pleat in the centre front, and two forward turning pleats at either side. It is made to droop in the regulation way all around. The kilt skirt is joined to a fitted underbody. This model develops beautifully, in linen, madras, or pique, while the serges, brilliantine or etamine make serviceable dresses for better wear. A good idea is to make the collar and cuffs of contrasting material.

Sizes: 4, 5, 8, 10 and 12 years.



LADIES' TEA GOWN OR WRAPPER.

No. 6164—A whole chapter could be written about that favorite garment, the tea gown. Essentially feminine it is and every woman likes to have a few pretty ones in her wardrobe. No other garment, as she knows, can equal it for comfort, coolness and for emergency wear. Like all other garments, this season's tea gown has taken on a quaint old-fashioned air. The long drooping shoulder which ends in sleeve cap style, the full, loose fronts and tight-fitting back, and the picturesque sleeves to show off dimples and pretty bracelets, are quite smart and becoming to all figures, whether they are short or tall. The tea gown is one of those garments which happily lends itself to small purses, for it may be charmingly developed in lawn or cotton crepe as well as in the more expensive fabrics. One can always buy daintily striped material from which the borders may be made, or very often the material itself contains the border. The model is one that may be easily followed in the home manufacture. The fronts have pleats at the shoulder which supply the fulness in front. The use of the ribbon girdle is optional, as many prefer the full flowing style for summer. Lawn, dimity, cotton, crepe, silk, light-weight woolen or pongee may be used.

Sizes: 32, 34, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST OR BLOUSE.

No. 6137—All the adjectives which can be applied to the beautiful are brought into requisition for description of the separate blouse this year. It is so varied in its treatment and so indispensable to every woman, that it not only holds its own but seems to have made new inroads on the good graces of modish women. In this particular style the shoulders are lengthened by the pleats in the shoulder extending beyond the sleeve seam. These shaped pleats extend to the waist in front and back and by sloping towards the centre add not a little to the lines of the figure. The front is finished by a panel under which the closing is effected. This model is one that has ever been popular, because of its graceful lines. It is in reality the new Gibson style and is pretty in the severe tailor-made style with only machine stitching, or will admit of any amount of elaboration. The front panel may be decorated by lace motifs or a round yoke may be outlined by applique. Quite the newest trimming would be of cross-stitch, which may be bought at an Oriental shop or done at home. The mode is suitable to any of the season's fabrics. Material required for medium size, 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.

Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.



LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

Nos. 6121-6100—The fit of underwear is as important as that of a dress waist, and not only is it a great economy to make one's own undergarments, but it is also a very simple and interesting task. The additional advantage of having garments that fit properly makes it thoroughly worth while to do your own making from patterns at home. Fashion vagaries are almost as marked in lingerie as in frocks, and the models vary greatly from year to year. The night dress models are made with a flat line about the neck, frills and ruffles having been found rather cumbersome. In the design shown on this page provision is made for high or, open neck, long or short sleeves.

Drawers fitted by darts are most satisfactory, as that does away with extra material at the waist line, and there is always great width as a finish at the knee. As to materials, nainsook, cambric and cross-barred muslin are favorites. The trimmings may be of Swiss or English embroideries, val or torchon lace. "Footing" makes a very pretty trimming, using little bands of ribbon run beading at each side. The point d'esprit with square mesh is best to use. It washes well and lasts better than lace. Fine French veining always gives to the garment a mark of elegance. It is used in seams, between lace and embroidery and through groups of tucks.

Sizes for night dress 6121: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

Sizes for drawers, 6100: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure.

Gem Superstitions.

Garnets preserve health and joy.
Emeralds insure friendship and constancy.
Cat's-eye is a charm against witchcraft.
Amethyst banishes the desire to drink.
Sapphires impel the wearer to all good works.
Amber is a cure for sore throat and glandular swellings.
Diamonds produce somnambulism and spiritual ecstasy.
Coral is a talisman against thunder and evils by flood and fire.
Opals are fatal to love and bring discord to giver and receiver.
The onyx is apt to cause terror to the wearer, as well as ugly dreams.
The agate quenches thirst, and if put in the mouth, allays fever.
The topaz is a preventive to lung trouble, imparts strength and promotes digestion.

Keep at It.

Keep at it. It isn't what you can do in a minute, but what you can do in a day—a week—a month—a year—that counts.

The man who keeps at it eight hours a day has a right to twice the measure of success due the man who wastes four of his eight. Just try, for one week, taking account of the time you waste, and figure out your handicap.

And the man who does sixteen hours' work in eight is usually the man who can afford to quit at forty.

The waste of time is not always due to a lack of brain power or energy or ambition. It is just as often due to a lack of system.

System enables you to save the minutes and to keep from doing the needless things. Make your system automatic—make it absorb the mechanical detail—Make it prevent the waste. And KEEP AT IT.—Success.

Eye lotion—The simple lotion made by dissolving three grains of sulphate of zinc in half a pint of elder water makes an excellent external application for the eyes, particularly if they are bloodshot.

Orange Meat
Save Your Coupons

The Letter He did not Mail.

As he left the house in the morning,
Said his wife: "Here's a letter to mail
And see that you don't forget it!"
So he told her, of course, he'd not fail.

As he placed it in his pocket
The address on the letter he saw
And the name of it was somewhat familiar—
It was that of his mother-in-law.

And then a grim fact he remembered,
That his wife had threatened to send
And invite her to make a long visit—
What else could this letter portend?

A look of profound resolution
Did over his features prevail;
For a week it reposed in his pocket—
The letter he did not mail.

Then one evening, when home returning,
He met his dear wife at the door,
Who asked if he'd mailed that letter
She gave him the week before.

He told her, of course, he had mailed it;
"Then it's very peculiar," said she,
"For I'd written before to mother
To ask her to visit me."

"And that letter was to inform her
I'd rather she'd wait till next fall;
But here she arrived this morning—
She never received it at all!"

Until he was alone he waited,
Then kicked himself like a flail,
And tore into uttermost atoms
The letter he did not mail.

—Boston Globe.

Modern Courtship.

The pendulum of fashion always swings to the extreme limit, and there is no doubt that fashions in courtship have changed as much as those in hats, skirts or footwear. It is probable that if the course of true love in the old days was never smooth, at least the difficulties of the old time lovers gave zest to the pursuit. There are many, especially men, who think that the course of love, true and otherwise at the beginning of the twentieth century is altogether too smooth, too easy.

There was an estimable woman who died not long ago who was fond of telling of her own adventures when the man whom she afterward married was wooing her. She lived in the country, not only five miles from a lemon, but twenty-five miles from a railroad and everything else worth while. She was not permitted to correspond with her admirer, of course, as that would have been too dreadful, and so one day, in delighted surprise, she saw him riding up the long avenue that led to her father's residence. His horse was evidently weary, and he was covered with dust, and tired, too, but when he saw her at the window he took his hat off his curly locks and swept his saddle bow with it.

When the girl went down to see him she found her mother and father in the drawing room talking to him, and she sat in an embarrassed silence while her elders questioned him about his ride from another county, forty miles away, and about his mother and father. Finally he was asked to remain to dinner, and accented, but all that evening the girl never had a moment to say a word alone to the young man.

When he arose to go and his horse was brought around for him to mount the father of his lady love shook him by the hand, not cordially but at least with a degree less stiffness than he had shown during the visit.

"When you are riding by again, Mr. Mortimer," he said, "stop in and see us. Bless my soul, Rebecca, you will catch a cold out here; run into the house at once."

Shades of Pegasus! "When you are riding by again," and this to a man who had ridden forty miles just for a glimpse of a maid's face, and must ride ten miles more to gain shelter at a wayside inn.

When the girl was alone with her family she reproached them for not having invited the youth to spend the night.

"He was so tired," she pleaded. But her "stern parent" shook his head. "I wasn't going to have him think I was anxious to lose my daughter, the young whipper-snapper," replied the lord of the manor.

The young woman afterward married the man, but it is a matter of family history that he was forced to write his proposal on a piece of paper and pass it to her under cover of a picture he was

showing to her, because her father sat in the room with them always, and at every remark that either made he would exclaim, "God bless my soul! what a foolish speech, Rebecca!"

That was the old way, when men really courted girls and exerted themselves to do so. Things are so easy now that there is not much sport in the chase. Every man likes a good chase, but few enjoy one, so great is the complacency of the girl of the age.

It doesn't behoove any one to abuse the girl of the age, for she is the best girl we have at this time, but the old fashioned folk could find it in their hearts to wish she wouldn't use the telephone quite so much. If the man on whom her young affections are, she thinks, firmly set, does not appear on the night when she expects she calls him up by telephone the next day. Sometimes she calls him at his place of business, and sometimes at his house; it makes little difference to her, and, once, secured, she begins sweetly: "What has become of you? I was afraid you were ill. I haven't seen you for so long, and so I thought I would call up and see if all was right with you."

The man reassures her. He is perfectly well, he says, but he has been dreadfully busy—he doesn't specify about what.

Occasionally, if he is derelict and she doesn't know what is the matter, she makes up a small chafing dish party and invites him to be present. When he arrives she inquires tenderly after his health, and where he has been spending his time.

If she does not like to make these inquiries herself, she lets one of her girl



PICKING FLOWERS

On the Banks of the Red River.

friends into the secret, and gets her to do the catechising.

Many firms have been obliged to ask its young men to request their girl friends not to telephone them during office hours, for it keeps the telephones so busy that other important business cannot be transacted through them.

There never were better looking girls than those that now inhabit the earth, and there never were sweeter girls, but they are far too tame, and invite their fate too cheerfully to make good sport, and there is many a wicked old bachelor who says that there would be fewer bachelors if courting wasn't made so easy.—Sunny South.

Conundrums.

What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

Why are the girls of Missouri sweet? Because they are Mo. lasses.

Why is a ploughed field like feathered game? Because it is part-ridges.

Why is a musical instrument like an open sea? Because it is often sounded.

Why should the highest apple on a tree be a good one? Because it is a tip-top apple.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

Why is a billiard player like a thief in a crowd? Because he aims for the pockets.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew;
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old man asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe—
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
But never afraid are we,"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

All night long the nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream
They'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is the little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.
—Eugene Field.

Old Saws in Rhyme.

An obedient wife doth her husband command.
Lying and gossiping go hand in hand.
Fresh fish and poor friends soon ill-favored will grow.
He will soon be a beggar who cannot say no.
Children speak in the street what they hear in the house.
Beneath a great haystack can creep a wee mouse.
Be a friend to yourself and then others will, too.
He goes long time barefoot who wears dead men's shoe.
Who sups with the devil doth need a long spoon.
Good judgment hath he won don't list to his own.
He that counts the cost never'll put plow to the ground.
At a distance will friends best agree. He's hide bound.
A tale never loses in telling. By chance
A cripple may catch a hare. Well can he dance
To whom fortune pipes. Life is half spent before
We know what it is. Birth is much—breeding's more.
If me he cheats once 'tis his shame, but if twice
The shame will be mine. Every man has his price.
Every couple is not a pair. War is death's feast.
Hungry man is an angry man. Last but not least.
Good clothes open doors. The sweeter the wine
The sharper the vinegar. Line upon line.
Happy heart blooming visage makes. Crocodile tears.
A sly boots. Accusations no clear conscience fears.
A fool can make money, but a wise man it takes
To spend it. Great fires a little spark makes.
Diseases are the interest paid for our pleasure.
Evening oats are a good morning's fodder.
Don't measure
Another one's corn by your bushel. It's wit
To pick locks and steal horses, but wisdom
To leave them alone. Every fault has its fore.
Good watch prevents harm. Who hath much wanteth more.
As poor as Job's turkey. Job's comforter.
Lend
Thy horse and thou mayest have back thy skin. Send
To market your gentle blood and see what 'twill buy.
Anything for a quiet life. Climb not too high
Lest thy fall be the greater. Less painful to learn
In youth than in age to be ignorant. Earn
Your money ere spending it. Precept on precept.
An unlawful oath's better when broken than kept.
A good name its luster will keep in the dark.
If the sky falls we all can catch larks. Toe the mark.
In a well-ordered house are all things soon prepared.
In each closet a skeleton is. Dangers when shared
Become little. Old bees yield no honey. If things
Were twice to be done we'd be wiser than kings.
My son is my son till he gets him a wife;
But my daughter's my daughter all the days of her life.
—H. C. Dodge.

Ladies! Here is a snap if you order now.

A Handsome "Needle Book"
full of needles, only 15 cents. Good value.

Manitoba Novelty Co.

Box 1, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Country Town.

It's common to sneer at the country town,
With its quiet streets and its peaceful air,
Where the little river meanders down
To be lost in the broad, blue sea some-where.

As we who think we are wise are lost
In the roaring city that, like the sea,
Has its ebb and flow, with its millions tossed
As bubbles robbed of identity.

There's fellowship in the country town,
With its empty streets and spreading trees,
Where the country songbirds warble down
At maids as fair as man ever sees;
Where the wind blows sweet from the fields nearby.
Where men know the names which the neighbors bear,
Where a man is missed when he's gone to life
With the peaceful ones who have ceased to care.

There are joys out there in the country town
That we of the city may never learn,
In the rush for money and for renown,
Confronting strangers where'er we turn!
Oh, wasn't God's world serene and fair
In the country town ere we came away?
And won't it be sweet to sleep out there,
Far from the city's roar some day?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mother's Thanksgiving.

Paw an' me's a-lookin' forrard
To a grand Thanksgiving Day—
For 'the children's all a-comin' home
To visit us, they say;
An' we'll kell the plumpest turkeys
An' we'll dress 'em us so gay—
Fer the children's comin' home in the mornin'!

I've be'n workin' an' a-slavin'
In the kitchen fer a week,
An' the mince pies an' the punkin
Fairly make the old shelves squeak;
While the fruit cake, an' frosted cake,
That fer theselves 'll speak—
Fer the children's comin' home in the mornin'!

Of course it's pretty hard on me,
But, pshaw! that doesn't matter,
Fer it's a full year sence I've heard
Their merry laugh an' chatter;
An' jest ter see 'em settin' roun'
Thet heapin' turkey platter
Will be joy enough fer me in the mornin'!

So, paw, go kill the turkeys,
An' pile the wood box high;
An' help me sort the cranberries
An' cut the punkin pie;
Fer I feel so sorter flustered like,
It seems zef I mus' cry—
Fer the children's comin' home in the mornin'!

—William Anwyl Jones.

Wild Flowers.

I know their haunts, the lovely things, with shy, uplifted faces;
From sheer delight they hide, I think, in shaded woody places.
I know the tints that wreath the heights, the cups that scent the valleys,
And all the troop processional that Nature's tocsin rallies.

Ere yet the lingering snows had gone, I found arbutus blushing
Beneath her screen of withered leaves a vestal faintly flushing;
Then, later came a purer snow, when dog-wood blossoms shining
Lit starry tapers in the trees as daylight was declining.

To-day the aster's purple plumes beside the way are gleaming,
The blue-fringed gentian near the brook in easeful grace is dreaming,
The golden-rod is everywhere, the woodbine's scarlet splendor
Shines softened through the silvery haze that floats in radiance tender.

The mountain laurel's pink and white, it filled my heart's desire;
My fingers thrilled with gladness when I culled the dear sweet-brier;
For violets and buttercups, for acres bright with clover,
The honey-bee and I alike ranged miles of beauty over.

Such fields on fields with daisies pied! such ferns in glooming hollows!
And oh! the rich marsh-mallow's bloom, where who the path that follows
Shall find the cardinal's regal flag, and through the reeds and grasses
Discover homes of timid birds that build in guarded passes.

Ah me! the frost is coming soon, the wild-wood flowers shall vanish;
The wintry cold, the cruel winds, the gentle things will banish.
But patience, heart! they'll only sleep, and in the glad spring weather
Once more the flowers and I will keep a festival together.
—Harper's Bazar.

Seasonable

Apple Snow.

Take six or eight tart apples, pare, core and slice. Stew till tender, then press through a colander, sweeten to taste, and pour into a deep glass dish. Set the dish in the refrigerator or in a cold room to get perfectly cool. Make a soft custard with a pint of new milk, the yolks of three eggs, and sugar to taste. Flavor with lemon or orange, and when cold pour over the apples. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff with three tablespoons of powdered sugar and pile lightly over the custard.

Table for Baking Meats.

Beef, sirloin, rare—8 to 10 minutes for each pound.
Beef, sirloin, well done—12 to 15 minutes for each pound.
Beef, rib or rump—12 to 15 minutes for each pound.
Beef, long or short fillet—20 to 30 minutes for each pound.
Mutton, well done—15 minutes for each pound.
Lamb, well done—15 minutes for each pound.
Veal, well done—20 minutes for each pound.
Pork, well done—30 minutes for each pound.
Turkey weighing 10 lbs.—3 hours.
Goose weighing 8 lbs.—2 hours.
Chicken weighing 3 to 4 lbs.—1 to 1½ hours.
Tame duck—40 to 60 minutes.
Tame duck, young—30 to 40 minutes.
Grouse—30 minutes.
Small birds—15 to 20 minutes.
Venison—15 minutes for each pound.
Fish, 6 to 8 lbs., long and thin—1 hour.
Fish, 4 to 6 lbs., short and thick—1 hour.
Fish, small—20 to 30 minutes.

Hints on Etiquette.

A formal or ceremonious call should never exceed fifteen or twenty minutes. At a dinner the hostess rises first; this notifies the guests that the dinner is finished.

Be courteous; that the recipient of the courtesy is not responsive does not relieve you of this responsibility.

It is bad form to stand talking when taking leave of your hostess. The adieux should be made simply and quickly.

It is not necessary for a gentleman to offer his arm when acting as an escort unless the lady is elderly or an invalid.

Bread and butter plates are now used in place of the little butter patties; they are about the size of a saucer and placed at the left of the plate.

The visiting card represents the person whose name it bears, therefore it should not be found in places where one would not call personally.

When two ladies are introduced the younger is presented to the older, young married women to older matrons, and young girls to married women. Where there is little difference in age, no distinction is necessary.

It is never necessary and is not good form for a lady to assist a gentleman with his overcoat, unless through old age or some physical injury he is unable to manage for himself. Good sense should govern this, as many other points of courtesy and etiquette.

At a wedding or wedding reception the bride and groom are always congratulated. Not to do so would show a lack of courtesy, and thought to be from some personal reason. The groom should be congratulated on his good fortune, and the bride wished every happiness.

It is not necessary for a lady to shake hands when introduced to a gentleman, especially when the introduction is a casual one. When introduced to personal friends or relatives of an intimate friend, it is more cordial to extend the hand. A prospective bride,

upon being introduced, shakes hands with the relatives and intimate friends of her fiancé.

Gentlemen do not smoke in the presence of ladies without their permission.

The eldest daughter of the house may have her card engraved without the Christian name, thus: Miss Johnson.

Simplicity of manner shows the best breeding. Effusiveness and loudness are the stumbling blocks of good manners.

When no servant is employed in the household the daughter of the house may with propriety wait upon guests at the table.

When stopping to talk for a moment with a woman on the street it is not necessary for a man to remove his hat and stand with head uncovered; the hat should be raised, slowly replaced and again lifted as the conversation is ended and he withdraws.

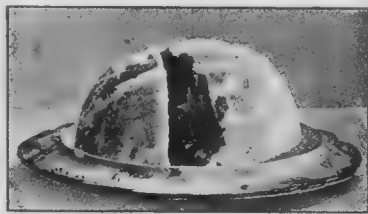
Once it was considered almost insulting to invite a single member from a family and leave the others out. That idea is passing away, and perhaps in time to come etiquette may forbid inviting more than one person of a household.

Before bringing a friend to call, a gentleman must always ask permission. He introduces the friend to the hostess and to any others who may be in the room at that time; later, if others enter the room, it is the hostess' place to make the introduction.

At a dinner or any meal if a guest upsets a glass or any accident occurs, he should offer a few words of apology which the hostess will smilingly accept and endeavor to relieve his embarrassment immediately detracting attention from the accident.

Strawberry Bombe Glace.

Strawberry bombe glace, a delicious summer dessert, is made by lining a mould with a strawberry sherbet, and pouring into the centre a mixture made from the whites of eggs, powdered su-



gar and cream, beaten stiff and flavored with vanilla, and then covering the cream mixture with the sherbet until the mould is full. Pack in ice and salt, and serve after it has stood three hours.

The Twins' Thanksgiving.

"Well, we have something to give thanks for this year," said Duncan joyfully. "Mother's going to get well. The doctor just said she was out of all danger, but it will be weeks before she can get up and any worry would make her worse even now."

Arthur executed a war dance and threw himself rapturously upon his brother. Although the scuffling and pummeling which followed would have seemed very like a quarrel to an onlooker, it was the usual way in which the Brown twins expressed their keenest pleasure.

When they were too tired for any further tests of strength, they threw themselves upon the hay to discuss the good news and laugh, more light-heartedly than they had done for weeks.

"Now mother's getting better, we can plan about the Thanksgiving," said Arthur, cheerfully.

Duncan laughed a little grimly as he said: "We can give thanks easily enough, but we can't give a dinner."

"There's Frieda," said Arthur, doubtfully.

"Yes, there's Frieda," echoed Duncan, "but I'd like to see you get into her head what we mean by Thanksgiving. She can't understand more than a dozen English words and between us we don't know as much German as that. She's been a dandy about taking care of mother and keeping the

house going. I guess she knows how to make every kind of gruel there is, but you know that the things she has put on the table for father and us haven't been like anything we ever saw before."

"Some of 'em are good, of course, but none of 'em are Thanksgiving-y."

"That's so," said Arthur, with a sigh. "Well," he added, more cheerfully, "we'll just have to go at her in dumb show and make her understand some way, what we want."

It lacked but a week of Thanksgiving, so the boys began Frieda's education at once. The poor girl laughed and sighed by turns as she tried to understand the strange English words or the still stranger actions of the twins.

At last through their vigorous assaults upon the larder and their vivid pantomimes of a table groaning with goodies, Frieda came to understand that they wished to celebrate something with a feast. Deciding in her own mind that the great event must be the twins' birthday, she gave her closest attention to their peculiar actions. The boys had marked the day on the large calendar in the kitchen and Frieda counted it off apprehensively. One morning she concocted dozens upon dozens of funny little cakes of a kind the boys had never seen. She gave strange names to them all and anxiously awaited the verdict of the twins. They praised the cakes, which were the sweetmeats every good German housewife prepares for the holidays, and then retired to the barn to talk over their desperate plight.

It was evident that Frieda had caught the idea of a feast, but it seemed another matter to show her what things belonged to the Thanksgiving festival. There were no near neighbors and it was out of the question to trouble mother.

Duncan went into the field and brought in a golden pumpkin. Frieda looked at it curiously and at supper time placed some tough slices of pumpkin, swimming in a spiced gravy, before the boys, who nearly choked in their attempt to eat the stuff. Next morning Arthur brought out his mother's cook books and tried to learn how to make a pumpkin pie. It was easy enough to find out how to stew the pumpkin, although in his impatience he did not sift out all the lumps, but it was quite another matter to make pie crust. After several vain attempts to handle the leathery mixture he had stirred up, he gave it up. But Frieda, seized with an inspiration, made a soft light dough with such a capable and confident manner that the boys decided she had caught the idea of a pie and retired in delight to pick over cranberries. The pie, however, turned out to be a kind of coffee-cake upon which Frieda had spread a layer of the stewed pumpkin.

The twins could not repress their groans of disappointment at the sight of the uninviting cake, and poor Frieda with tears in her eyes, carried the un-

successful dainty out to the pig pen.

"Apples and nuts and the little cooky things will do," said Arthur bravely, "if we can only get the turkey done all right and don't make a mess of the cranberries."

On the day before Thanksgiving the twins killed and dressed a turkey and Frieda opened her eyes in amazement at the thought of cooking the huge bird, the like of which she had never seen in her own land. But she was not to be daunted by anything in the manner of meat and showed her willingness to undertake the task by seizing a huge knife and nearly severing the turkey's leg from its body, preparatory to stewing the fowl. Arthur seized her arm and after carefully pinning the leg in place, signified by pantomime that the bird was to be stuffed and roasted. Frieda nodded gleefully and set about preparing a dressing upon which the boys looked with strange distrust, since it consisted largely of minced apple with a sprinkling of nuts and strange spices.

On Thanksgiving morning the twins solemnly laid out the vegetables which should accompany a turkey and retreated from the room to await the dinner hour with what patience they could.

Mr. Brown, who had utterly forgotten that it was Thanksgiving day, seated himself before the great turkey with a glance of surprise and then, remembering the day, said seriously:

"I'm glad you remembered Thanksgiving, boys; we ought to keep the day this year if ever."

He nodded and smiled at Frieda so cordially that the girl beamed with delight and felt fully rewarded for her many trials.

The turkey was delicious in spite of the strange dressing which reminded the boys of some kind of sauce. The mashed potatoes had been brown in the oven till they had an unfamiliar look, but were delightful to the taste, the onions had been baked instead of boiled and the bread was of rye, as Frieda had not yet learned to make a wheaten loaf, but the dinner as a whole was a great success and the boys found so many occasions to laugh with delight over the success of their plans that Mrs. Brown smiled faintly as she turned her head toward the merry sound and felt thankful that the boys had not forgotten that this was Thanksgiving day. She had remembered, but she had seen no way to plan the usual feast and had resolutely refrained from thinking about it.

Many pleasant Thanksgivings are in store for the twins, I hope, but I doubt if they will ever taste a Thanksgiving dinner which will seem quite so good as the one they taught Frieda to prepare.—Exchange.

If a mustard poultice or plaster be mixed with vinegar instead of water all risk of a chill is avoided. If the white of an egg is used in mixing the mustard, it will not blister the most delicate skin.

Send Photographs

The Western Home Monthly will be glad to receive photographs depicting western life. Photographers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the Canadian West, are invited to submit pictures. Such as are deemed suitable for use in our columns will be paid for, while those not suitable will be returned. Photographs of special events, gatherings, novel scenes, oddities, farm homes, etc., are looked for. Accompanying each photograph must be the name of the party sending it in, and note explaining the incident or object it pictures, date, etc.

Garden and Flowers

A Garden Gossip.

'Twas an early morn in summer,
When the cool and sparkling dew,
Lay upon the meadow grass,
Changing all to purple hue.

While along the eastern cloudland,
Softly steals the Maiden Day,
With her fleecy flowing mantle
Catching up the sunbeam's ray.

Down across the brook and meadow,
Gently walks the graceful May,
And where her soft foot presses,
Scatters blossoms all the way.

Just a faint and dreamy rustle
Steals upon the morning breeze,
Where the robins feed their nestlings
Out among the apple trees.

It was just the time for gossip
Out within the garden bed:
"Have you heard the news?" cried Carrot,
While each Cabbage shook its head.

"I have heard it," said the Sweet Corn,
Bristling up and looking wise;
"And I," said an old Potato,
"Why, I saw it with my eyes."

"Tell us, tell us, dearest Carrot!"
Cried the one that did not hear,
While the Onion, foolish fellow,
Laughed until he shed a tear.

O'er the Beet a deeper crimson
Flashed across his angry brow,
Then the Cucumber murmured colly,
"Children, do not quarrel now."

Here the saucy Turnip muttered,
Shaking off the morning dew,
"You old garden gossips
Better mind your P's and Q's."

"Lettuce! change the subject, brothers,"
Said a whisper, soft and low,
And when I walked out to my garden,
And looked down each well kept row

All was peace and quiet beauty
Out within my garden walls,
Where the golden sun of summer
Like a benediction falls.

—Angelyna J. Maurer.

Trees Sleep.

Trees and plants have their regular times for going to sleep, as well as boys and girls. They need the same chance to rest from the work of growing and to repair and oil the machinery of life. Some plants do all their sleeping in the winter, when the ground is frozen and the limbs are bare of leaves. In hot countries where the snow never falls, and it is always growing weather, the trees rest during the rainy season or during periods of drought. They always choose the time when they cannot work the best for doing their sleeping, just as mankind chooses the night, when he cannot see to work. A Norwegian scientist has made interesting experiments trying to chloroform plants, and he has found that the fumes of this sleep giver make the plant sleep harder and grow faster when it wakes up.

Sheep on Every Farm.

Thomas Shaw contends, and properly, that every farm in the country should carry some sheep. He instances Minnesota with its 200,000 farms, showing that if each produced ten head annually the total would be 2,000,000, which would not commence to consume the waste. Applied in the same ratio to the other States of the Union combined, it would mean \$100,000,000 worth of mutton and wool annually. Talk about making two blades of grass where one grew before, but this is doing it with a vengeance.

Discussing the subject in the American Sheep Breeder the Minnesota man enumerates these advantages to be derived from sheep raising on the farm: That they are weed destroyers par excellence.

That they never do as well when kept in small flocks.

That they furnish a ready supply of meat for the farmer's table.

That they furnish two crops a year and are always ready cash.

Every farm in the corn belt could carry one sheep to the acre without missing what they consume and constant neglect of the opportunity is like throwing away so much money.—Chicago Live Stock World.

Roses in the Window.

A writer in Park's Floral Magazine says: "If you want roses to bloom in winter buy the plants now and pot them in three-inch pots, using a compost of two parts rotted sods, one of rotted manure from the cow-yard, and one of sand. These materials should be layered in the spring, thoroughly moistened and then worked over several times after they have remained in the heap for several weeks. After potting plunge the pots in coal ashes in a rather sunny place, and do not let the plants suffer for want of water. Pick off the buds as they appear, and encourage growth. As soon as the roots begin to crowd shift into larger pots and plunge as before. But few buds will form while the plants are developing roots, and shifting will thus keep the plant growing either at the root or top, rather than developing buds. When winter approaches take the plants to the plant window, and let the buds develop. Put chopped tobacco stems over the pots and syringe once or twice a week. Thus treated you will be likely to have a fine display of flowers during the winter months if desirable varieties are grown. Plants subject to mildew should be avoided. Clothilde Soupert, white with peach centre; Hermosa, pink; Queen's Scarlet; Archduke Charles, pink and crimson variegated; Marie Lambert, white; Caroline Kuster, yellow, are all good roses for the amateur. Other varieties may be successfully grown under favorable conditions, but there are few persons who have windows and facilities suitable for roses that will fail with the sorts named, provided the plants are secured in midsummer and cared for as above directed.

Points on Lawn Making.

A rich soil is one of the essentials to success. No matter what the extent of the lawn, it should be evenly moist and well drained. The general slope should be away from the residence on all sides. Seeding the lawns yields better results than sodding. Kentucky blue grass is the most satisfactory known seed for the majority of locations. The ground should be raked as nearly perfect as possible before sowing. Best results are obtained by sowing thickly. Four bushels to the acre is the usual allowance, but in small plots double the proportion may be used to advantage. After sowing work seed into the soil with a rake. No clipping should be done till the grass is above three inches in height, and it should be kept at about this height during the first summer. Avoid clipping at all soon before frost is expected.—Delineator.

Winter-Flowering Roses.

If you wish roses that will bloom in winter secure small plants now, pot them in three-inch pots of rich, tenacious, well-drained soil. When the roots begin to crowd shift the plants into four-inch pots, and when these are too small transfer the plants into five-inch pots. Give morning or forenoon sun, but shield the plants from the rays of the afternoon sun. Pinch off all buds, and aim to secure a good growth rather than flowers. When the cool nights come remove the pots to a window or a room without fire, and later to the general plant window, giving the plants at this time all the light and sun possible. They should now be allowed to develop buds and flowers. As a flower fades cut it off, taking with it a portion of the branch, provided there are no buds upon the branch to open. The buds always appear upon the new growth. Syringe every clear day, using hot water, and sometimes a tea of quassia chips, to keep down aphids and red spider. Tobacco dust or chopped tobacco stems placed over the soil around the plants will benefit the soil and keep off lice. The important point in growing roses in the window is to have good varieties and grow them in pots during the summer, as suggested. To avoid drying out, the pots may be placed in a box with sphagnum moss or coal ashes about them.

Japanese Dwarf Trees.

I once saw in Japan some of the most remarkable trees that ever grew. They were hundreds of years old and not a hundred inches high. The most marvellous collection was in Count Okuma's garden near Tokyo. Here were pine trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century, that at the dawn of the twentieth were not too large to be carried in one hand, pot and all. Others, whose seed was planted about the time when Columbus sailed for America, were already outstripped by saplings planted the year before the last.

In another place was a grove of Liliptian plum trees, gnarled and knotted and twisted by centuries of wind and weather, that were none of them too large to grace a dinner table, as they often did when in full bloom. More marvellous still, there were other little trees, planted before most of my readers were born, say in the early "sixties," that were still thriving (it is too much to say growing) in a teacup, while others planted before Cleveland's first term in office had not outgrown a lady's thimble.

The Japanese are past masters of the art of dwarfing trees. They nip off the tree's roots, and pinch its limbs, and starve it with little soil, and let it go thirsty and dry, but at the same time keep the breath of life in it, until it becomes the veriest travesty of a tree, a manikin vegetable with the wrinkled face of an old man on the legs of a little boy. Infinite patience and skill and time unstinted must have been given thus to stunt and dwarf those grotesque growths.—Francis E. Clarke, in C. E. World.

A White Blackberry.

Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, California, has been successful in obtaining a white blackberry. Mr. Burbank has for some time cultivated blackberries of various grades and this new species is the result of cross-breeding a grade which he calls the "Iceberg." The berries are abundant, handsome, and delicious in flavor. A field of them is said to present a beautiful picture. A reliable authority says:

"The well-known Lawton blackberry is one of the great-grandparents of this little white blackberry. The Lawton when ripe is unsurpassed, and the most productive berry on the market. Owing to its fixity of race, it will reproduce itself from seed almost exactly, and its seedlings will not be influenced, when raised from seed pollinated by other varieties, but readily imparts its good qualities when employed as the staminate parent.

"The first experiment of Burbank with this blackberry resulted in the seedlings, when crossed with crystal white, being all black; the second also, though varying much in other respects; but the third produced this wonderful plant, bearing the snowiest white berries ever seen.

"Very little attention was paid to the long rows of cross-bred descendants until one day this little white berry was discovered, among its black relatives, with the canes bending in various directions with its load of delicious snowy berries, which are not only perfectly white, but so transparent that the seeds, which are unusually small, may be seen in the ripe fruit.

"Clusters larger than those of Lawton berries, as near as could be judged, were at least as large, earlier, sweeter, and more tender and more melting throughout, though as firm as Lawton is when ripe."

The Smiles.

If there were smiles for sale

At some fair market where

The rich, the poor, the low, the high,

Might hurry with their change, to buy,

What crowds would gather there!

Yet there are smiles enough,

And each might have his share,

If every man would do or say

One—just one—kind thing every day

To lift some other's care.

—S. E. Kizer.

Try It.

It's Good.

MOTHER NOBLETT'S

EVERTON TOFFEE

A delicious old English sweetmeat.
In dainty tin boxes 20 cents, or by
mail 25 cents, from

W. FRASER, Sole Agent for
651 Young Street, **Winnipeg, Man.**

Happy Thoughts.

As I bring my work to my window,
And am sitting alone here today,
My thoughts go wandering and roving,
They are as pleasant as flowers in May;
Right here in a snug little corner,
By my side the hyacinths peep,
And the rose and heliotrope mingle
Their fragrance so balmy and sweet.

With my flowers in bloom all around me,
And my birds singing over my head,
I can hardly realize 'tis snowing,
And the flowers out-doors are dead;
Ah, no, not dead, but sleeping
In their snug little beds of repose!
With the balmy sweet breath of the spring-time
Again into life they'll unclothe.

Let me pause a moment in wonder,
While my thoughts wander away
To the valleys and hills and the wildwood,
Where the ferns and the violets stray;
And I dearly love each tiny blossom,
No matter where they may grow—
In the window, the garden, or valley,
Or their heads peeping out of the snow.

Once more when the sweet breath of spring-time
Comes stealing o'er valley and plain,
And the soft, gentle rain-drops are falling,
Our hearts will be joyous again.
When the snowdrop, the crocus and violet,
Peep up and nod in the breeze,
And the buds swell out on the lilacs,
And the leaves burst forth from the trees,

Then fond memory comes stealing upon me.
Of my childhood days long gone by,
And I see in fond memory a garden,
Which is pleasing and dear to my eye;
And again the sweet face of my mother,
Who went to sleep long ago,
Seems as plain to me as those flowers
That once in her garden did grow.

Oh! sweet are those thoughts which they
bring me,
Of God's tender care for his own;
He sends the sweet blossoms to cheer us,
And gathers our friends to his home.
And some day when this form is lifeless,
And they fold my cold hands o'er my
breast,
Will some loving one place a blossom
In their clasp e'er I go to my rest?
—Lizzie King.

House Work Athletics.

Sweeping is the twin sister of golfing, and bewitches the same identical muscles into play to create superb shoulders and handsome arms, two cardinal points in beauty's compass.

Bedmaking is an all around gymnastic movement; mattress turning develops shoulders, torso and the four limbs. The regular arrangement of counterpane and pillows cultivates the eye and the sense of symmetry.

Floor scrubbing, like lawn tennis, is a bit violent and not to be tried unless one is certain about her heart. At first it is a sore trial and tribulation to the knees, but after practice yields a subtle satisfaction of back and abdominal motions all its own.

As for dusting, it needs a hymn to itself to review all its merits athletic. First the duster goes down on all fours, then she is upon tiptoe, then she twists herself into all manner of impossible positions to reach the corners of the furniture, first she is on one knee, then on the other, and when she is done she has set going all the muscles and tendons that she owes into magnificent melee of physical culture.

Even the ugliest duckling of homely housework is transformed into a beautiful swan when it is seen through the athlete's spectacles—namely: Washing and wringing dishes, which beautify arms, fingers and wrists; the water bath lends suppleness to the joints of the fingers and the wiping is especially good for elbow movement.

Two cautions for housework gymnasts: Do the movements as other gymnasts do their movements with a current of fresh air flowing through the rooms which are your gymnasium, and practice to use the left arm and the whole left side as much as you use the right side. This is something of a trick at first, but with practice it becomes easier until at last the left side triumphantly becomes almost if not altogether the match of the favored right.

The usefulness and value of a horse depends upon his early training. He should be handled and taught when a colt. This will develop his intelligence from the start and very much increase his subsequent usefulness. A good dispositioned horse is one that is healthy.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of The Monthly. Answers will appear in the October issue.

Puzzle.

1. What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man?
2. Why is a man with a cold in his head like a cold, stormy day?
3. Riddle—
Food I carry without rest
To the small birds in the nest;
When with money you're not blest,
I am not a welcome guest.
Yet, though you may call it funny,
I my very self am money.
Many a laddie far and nigh
Bears my name. Now, what am I?
4. Why does a hen have to cross a road.
5. Two brothers we are;
Great burdens we bear.
By which we are bitterly pressed;
In truth I can say
We are full all the day
And empty when we go to rest.
6. 500 begins it, 500 ends it, 5 in the middle is seen; the first of all letters, the first of all figures, take up their station between. My whole was a king of very great fame; if you wish to know whom, you have here his name.
7. I went on a visit to the orchard and saw a tree with apples on. I took no apples off, nor left no apples on. How many apples were there on the tree?
8. What is it that has never been felt, seen or heard, and yet has a name?
9. What two vegetables growing in our garden resemble certain sinners of old, for having ears to hear they hear not and having eyes to see they see not?
10. Why is a horse the most curious animal in the world?
11. Why is the City of Calgary like a woman in her lover's arms?
12. Make two words out of one and you won't have half enough.

Answers to August Puzzles.

1. Because the longer he takes it the better he likes it, and the harder it is to give it up.
2. Because they both delight in full crops.
3. 5 and 7.
4. Wheat.
5. A kiss.
6. Adam's wife, Eve.
7. Because it turns our milk into sour milk.
8. Impossible.
9. The road.
10. Hay.
11. One trains the mind and the other minds the train.
12. When pared.
13. Because it snarls.
14. Of-ten.
15. Emma, Madge, Dora, May, Winifred, Ruth.

Prize Winners.

Frank Booth, Miniota, Man.
Geo. W. Smallacombe, Crystal City, Man.
Madge Alton, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.

Observation Party.

Very often one wishes to entertain guests of different ages, and is at a loss to know of something pleasant to which all can adapt themselves. An "Observation Party" will prove a pleasant diversion and keep up the interest of all, says a writer in an exchange.

Small cards must be prepared for the guests. Procure cardboard of heavy water-color paper—the latter is the best—and cut it up into cards. Number each at the top. Below the number, di-

vide into five spaces. Over the top of the first space write or print in fancy letters "sound," over the second "smell," the next, "taste," then "touch," and over the last space put "sight." The lettering may be done in gold ink, or the side of the card may be delicately tinted with water colors in pink or blue, and the lettering done in a deeper shade of the same color. The other side of the card should have "Observation Party" or "Five Senses," with the date and, perhaps, the hostess' monogram, and any other decoration fancy may dictate. Attach a small pencil to each card. If the cards are artistically made, they will prove welcome souvenirs of the event.

When all have arrived and the entertainment begins, announce to the guests that they are to listen to see how many of the six instruments they can distinguish in the "Chinese band," which they will soon hear. In an adjoining room have six instruments played simultaneously. A good combination consists of a hand organ, drum, bell, mouth-organ, fife, and a guitar. If requested, this may be repeated. All are to write under "sound" the names of the instruments they could hear.

Next, pass one after another six bottles containing various liquids; each person being allowed one smell; ammonia, peppermint, turpentine, camphor, benzine and cologne are good.

Taste comes next. Mix in a bowl grated chocolate, sugar, salt, ginger, cinnamon and mustard; place on a tray and provide spoons. Each guest may have one taste and then write what composes the mixture.

For "touch," the objects should be placed in a pretty bag, and the guests allowed to put their hands in to see if by the sense of touch they can tell the contents. A potato, a stick of candy, a horse chestnut, a block of wood, a knife and a stick of cinnamon are suggested.

A table should be arranged with a number of small articles on it for "sight." Have the guests form in line and march around the table, being allowed but one look, and then back into another room to write down what they saw. On the table arrange small articles, such as a bracelet, paper-knife, pencil, napkin ring, pistol, glass, and book.

After all have finished writing, the cards are collected and carefully looked over, to see who has made the largest number of observations and prizes awarded.

Serve refreshments before the prizes are awarded. An ice with fancy cakes, coffee, sandwiches, and cheese sticks, or chocolate with wafers would answer nicely.

Every Man his own Poet.

The first word, beheaded, fills the second blank, and beheaded again fills the third, instigated by the Youth's Companion:

Two foppish young men purchased —,
With which to ogle the —,
But the girls took the fellows for —.

A farmer neglected his —,
Wouldn't work on account of the —,
But now he has nothing to —.

A beggar not blind, but a —,
Dined well on some fried eggs and —,
And exclaimed, "How clever I —!"

John Smith, while his holidays —,
Struck a man, and his case is still —,
He fears it will have a fine —.

Two toppers, befuddled with —,
Try to sing the same song each in — —,
And neither one cares which key — —.

A monk, with a villainous —,
Cast glances from under his —,
That would frighten the night-flying —.

If you took off their —,
All men would seem —,
No matter what climate they live —.

Sailors cheer when they capture a —,
They cheer, don't you hear them now? —.
It's kind never lived in the —.

A man almost ruined by —,
Went one night to skate at a —,
He reformed, and now preaches with —.

Remember the gigantic —,
Has good health, is hearty and —
On water without any —. J. J. D.

First verse, glasses, lasses, asses; second, wheat, heat, eat; third, sham, ham, am; fourth, spending, pending, ending; fifth, whiskey, his key, is key; sixth, scowl, cowl, owl; seventh, skin, kin, in; eighth, shark, hark, ark; ninth, drink, rink, ink; tenth, whale, hale, ale.

Her Wedding Ring.

I heard a lady say last night
She'd put away her wedding ring
To keep it safe—away from sight—
Her wedding ring! Her wedding ring!
And there was one her proud head tossed—
Proud in the youth of comely spring—
Who coolly said that she had lost
Her wedding ring! Her wedding ring!
I heard another lady say—
And 'twas a most inhuman thing—
That she had sold for food that day
Her wedding ring! Her wedding ring!
A woman pale—a woman lost—
Whose children may not round her cling,
But yesterday to shame had tossed
Her wedding ring! Her wedding ring!
And there was one who madly spurned,
Whose very word was mortal sting,
Whose eye was fire, whose wrong returned
Her wedding ring! Her wedding ring!
But there was yet one undismayed,
Who never knew what love could bring,
Who by her own shy glance betrayed
Her wedding ring! Her wedding ring!
—Egbert R. Morrison.

Advice.

What's the use of worrying?
Fretting doesn't pay.
What's the use of hurrying?
It's the slowest way.
Half the whims that worry you
Never will come true;
Then why let them flurry you,
As you daily do?
Live your life out easily,
Then it will be long.
Take what happens breezily;
Whistle, sing a song!
Don't waste strength in worrying
Over phantom ills;
Don't waste time in hurrying
That's the pace that kills.

"I Love You, Dear."

"I love you, dear."
There's no phrase so worn and old
In all the world, nor one so sweet
To lover's lips or maiden's ear
As this refrain, "I love you, dear."
"I love you, dear."
There is no change as time goes on;
No new words seem to mean so much
As when they're uttered fondly near,
In trembling tones, "I love you, dear."
"I love you, dear."
No night so dark, no day so long
But hope brings comfort to the heart,
If only "some one" standeth near
To murmur low, "I love you, dear."
—Selected.

The Callers.

Here comes Worry,
Black old hag!
Hauntin' eyes an'
Feet that drag.
Close the door an'
Hush your din;
Just pretend that
We're not in.
Here comes Misery,
How she creeps!
Never rests an'
Never sleeps!
Close the door an'
Hush your din;
Just pretend that
We're not in.
Here comes Laughter
Full of grace!
Springy step an'
Merry face;
Why, he allus
Makes us grin!
Here's the place, sir,
Step right in!
—New York Sun.

Trouble Proof.

Never rains where Jim is—
People kickin', whinin';
He goes round insistin'—
"Sun is almost shinin'!"
Never's hot where Jim is—
When the town is sweatin';
He jes' sets and answers
"Well, I ain't a frettin'!"
Never's cold where Jim is—
None of us misdoubt it.
Seem we're nigh frozen!
He "ain't thought about it!"
Things that rile up others
Never seem to strike him!
"Trouble-proof" I call it—
Wish that I was like him!"
—Lippincott's.

Weighing the Baby.

Starr was the outgrown baby now; there was a new baby in the nursery—a very, very new one. He was so new that Starr was sure he could not feel much acquainted yet with anybody, and that was why he cried so often.

"He's kind of homesick, I guess," Starr said. "Course he cries! I cried that time I was at grandfather's 'bout my mother. Folks always cry when they're homesick."

There were so many beautiful things about that new baby! Starr haunted the nursery all day long, to make sure of not missing any of them. He watched Nurse Mary wash and dress the baby every morning, in front of the open fire. That was the most beautiful thing of all! Such round, dimply little e'bows and knees! Such curly, little legs! Such a soft little fuzz on the small, round head, that Nurse Mary insisted was hair!

Every week they weighed the new baby, and every week he had gained about half a pound. It surprised Starr a little and made him rather uncertain about the homesick theory.

"I didn't gain half-pounds when I was homesick," he reflected. "Mercy, I lost 'em! I got just as un-fat an' he keeps a-gettin' fatter! Maybe that isn't the reason he cries."

The eighth week the new baby weighed fifteen pounds and Starr was very proud indeed—as proud, Nurse Mary said, as if he weighed fifteen pounds himself. He got his slate and pencil and "reduced" the fifteen pounds to ounces, to make it sound still more splendid. Starr was "in" denominated numbers now in his 'rithmetic, so he could do a little sum like that as easy as anything.

"One hundred 'n' eighty," he announced, looking up from his slate. Then he hurried back to the nursery to tell Nurse Mary.

"The baby weighs a hundred 'n' eighty ounces," he said, triumphantly; "twelve times fifteen, you know—that's the way you do it. There's twelve ounces in a pou—"

"Twelve!" exclaimed Nurse Mary, in surprise; "I thought—in my times sixteen ounces made a pound."

"Avoirdupois weight," Starr said, looking scornful; "but the baby is Troy weight."

"Troy weight?" Nurse Mary looked up over the new baby's little bald head in more surprise still. The scorn on Starr's face grew and grew, till it covered up all his little gold-brown freckles.

"Course, Troy weight!" he cried. "I hope you don't s'pose we'd weigh the baby avoirdupois, same as coal and flour an—butter! Mercy, as if! It's Troy weight you weigh precious things by—gold and silver and diamonds—and the baby." And Starr dropped a fervent kiss into the little, warm, sweet well in the baby's neck.—Sunday School Visitor.

A Thanksgiving.

For the sound of waters rushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies,
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark and silent gorges
Whence mighty cedars nod,
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner majesty;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God!

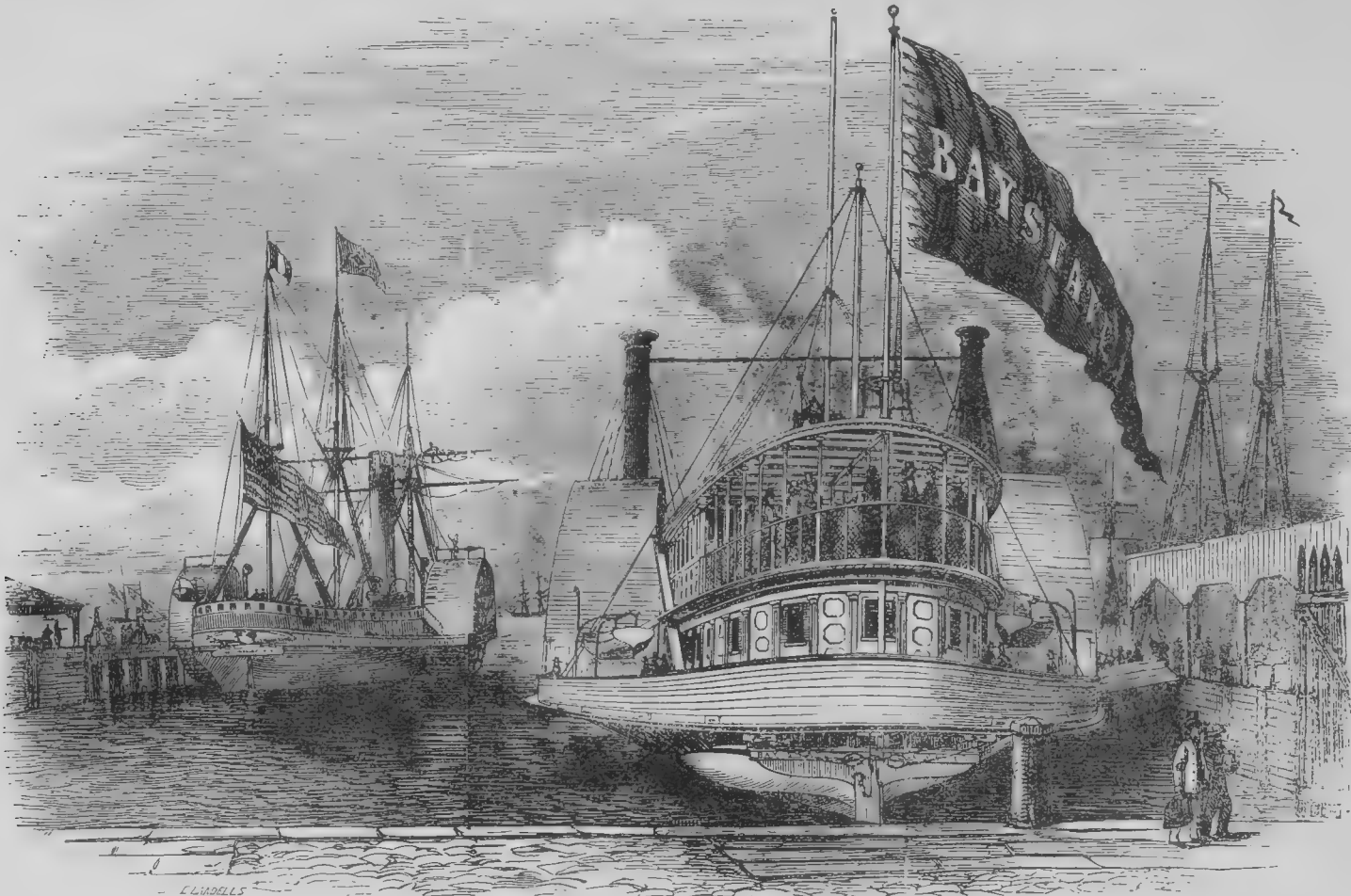
For the earth and all its beauty,
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing,
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human,
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For my own great gift of being,
I thank thee, O my God!

A pig's tail is said to indicate unerringly the condition of the animal. If it hangs loose, it shows that the pig is not well and that its food should be changed; if it is coiled tightly, the pig is healthy and happy.

TRAVELLING IN THE UNITED STATES.



THE "BAY STATE" AND "EMPIRE CITY" STEAM-SHIPS.

At this season of locomotion, it may be interesting to glance at the facilities which Brother Jonathan possesses for enjoying his holidays, by "river, road, and rail," and contrast them with our home resources. This we are enabled to do in the accompanying set of Sketches, the Artist of which has the very agreeable advantage of describing his own real-life pictures.

THE "BAY STATE" AND "EMPIRE CITY" STEAM-SHIPS.

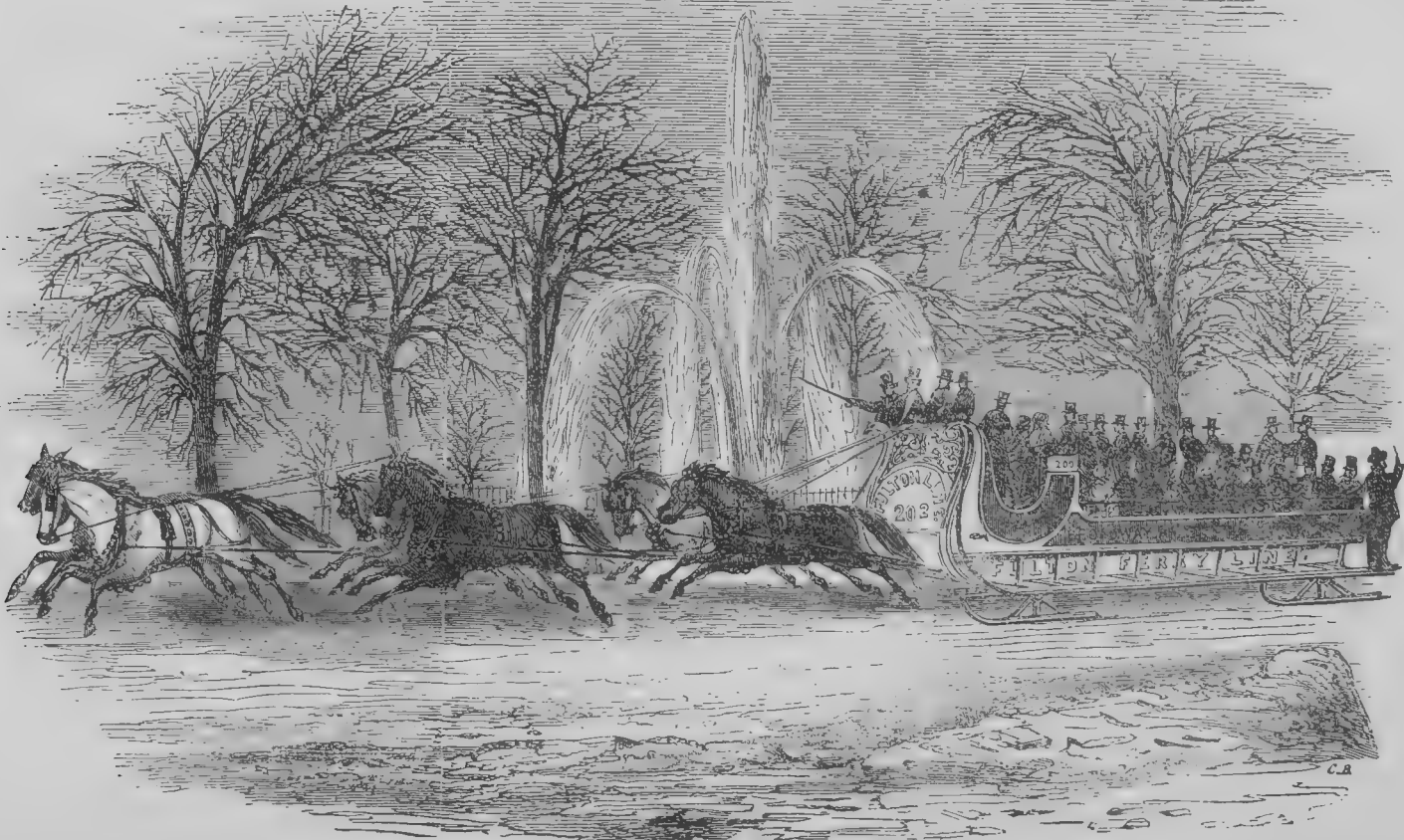
The *Bay State* is one of the large Fall River steamboats, which perform the journey by night with the avowed intention of helping you on your journey to Boston. The passengers embark at pier No. 4, on the north or Hudson River, at five o'clock, and are thence conveyed to the East River, passing by the city of New York, Blackwells Island, to Hurl's-gate. The scenery up to this place is very beautiful, being diversified by rocks and trees on either side of the river, until you arrive at that part where the rocks appear above the rapids, at intervals causing very dangerous eddies and whirlpools. This spot is alluded to by Cooper in one of his novels; but the picture is rather highly varnished, as some of the steam-boats stem the current daily at a tolerably good pace. Soon after this they enter the Sound, an inlet of the sea which divides Long Island from the mainland, being 101 miles long and near 30 broad at the greatest width. Passing Black Island, they enter Narragansett Bay and Fall River, landing at Newport, 57 miles from New York, in the middle of the night, where the railway cars are in readiness to proceed to Boston. Altogether this is a very pleasing trip, and rather novel to an Englishman. These boats are of very considerable dimensions,

although not quite so large as the New York and Albany boats. An end view is here given, in order to show how the width abreast is increased by using supports underneath. Some idea of the size of the wheel-houses may be formed by the fact that the wheels are 40 feet in diameter. The whole length of the ship, nearly, is preserved in the lower cabin for a supper and sleeping-room: long tables are laid out with a supper for 300 or 400, with numerous black waiters to attend on the passengers' wants; and a similar number of berths are built on each side the cabin, with rich damask curtains, to receive the traveller after he has partaken of the well-provided meal. Here he may rest until disturbed by the unruly behaviour of rude bores or the ringing of the large bell on the deck, which tells of the journey's end as far as the sea is concerned. That part of the upper or "hurricane deck," nearest in the view, is a comfortable and cool place for viewing the night scenery on the voyage, and studying lunar effects in the Sound. The saloon and state cabins are on the same story, and are fitted up with great taste and comfort, approaching splendour. Here you may lounge about on lengthy sofas, *vis-à-vis*, and *dé-dé-dé*, and rocking chairs, or read the papers, or pass through the door leading to the deck for coolness, "just as you amind ter." There is on the lower deck, which at one end resembles a warehouse, abundance of room; not only for a large cargo of merchandise, but offices for the captain and others; and a very splendid room especially fitted up for the ladies, with delightful little berths ornamented with rich damask and muslin curtains, forming at once a handsome saloon and sleeping cabin. Rough accommodation is likewise afforded to poor emigrants and others, who cannot afford such luxuries, at the baggage end of the vessel. Here may be seen man, woman, and child, chiefly Irish, resting their weary limbs on certain portions of the

cargo, or the softest plank, as the case may be, looking the picture of misery. The boilers, about thirty feet long each, are poised over the water on either side of the boat; and there is a contrivance for the red-hot coals (anthracite) to be raked out, when done with, so as to fall into the water. The flag at the stern, which appears larger on account of its being so close, is thirty feet long. Enough has been said of California and its gold. The *Crescent City* is one of the first ships which run between Chagres and New York, and is very splendidly fitted up.

SLEIGHING IN NEW YORK.

Let us at once plunge into the enlivening picture. The snow is now set in and the streets above a foot deep. Omnibuses, carriages, and cars are all of a sudden withdrawn, and in one day the scene is entirely changed. The sleighs are all out, and present a view of the most animated description. Large omnibus-built sleighs, with "any quantity" of passengers, are whisked through the streets with their unlimited numbers of horses, from one to twelve, and even twenty. Broadway presents a scene capable of stirring up emotions in the breast of a monomaniac. Ladies and gentlemen are equally delighted with the early chance of driving their neat and elegant, and often splendid sleighs, with their sacred persons muffled up in bear, buffalo, and leopard skins. Some of these skins are fancifully ornamented with a countenance somewhat resembling one of the red deities of the Sandwich Islands, to be seen only in the British Museum, beautifully vandyked around with a red cloth trimming; others resemble the heads of bears with animated glass eyes, whilst the owners, at a cursory view, might be almost mistaken for the animals themselves, with their bear-skin caps, presenting a



SLEIGHING IN NEW YORK.

The Home

New Idea About Ham.

Mrs. Helen Richardson says: "Whenever I have a ham to boil, I first soak it over night in molasses and water. This softens and freshens it if it is hard and salt, and gives it the flavor peculiar to best sugar-cured ham. If I have a few slices of ham to boil or fry, I soak them for an hour or two in molasses and water, using enough liquid to cover the ham, and making the water reasonably sweet. Rinse and wipe with a dry cloth before putting in the spider."

Cake-Making Axioms.

To get a fine grained cake, beat thoroughly after the flour is added.

Sweet milk makes cake that cuts like pound cake. Sour milk makes spongy, light cake.

Always sift flour before measuring, then it may be sifted again with the baking powder to insure their being thoroughly blended.

In making fruit cakes add the fruit before putting in the flour, as this will prevent it falling to the bottom of the cake. Flouring the fruit is unnecessary, unless the fruit is damp.

If a cake cracks open while baking, the recipe contains too much flour.

In creaming butter and sugar, when the butter is too hard to bend easily, warm the bowl, and, if necessary, warm the sugar, but never warm the butter, as this will change both texture and flavor of the cake.

The smaller the cake the hotter should be the oven. Large, rich cakes require very slow baking.

Parker House Rolls.

Put one pint of luke-warm milk in a bowl, add one yeast cake broken into pieces, one teaspoonful of sugar and set it in a warm place till the yeast floats on top; then add three cupfuls of flour, and mix into a smooth batter, add one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar, two ounces of melted butter, and one egg; when all is mixed, cover and set aside in a warm place till light, then add flour and work it into a soft dough; work it on the board, till it ceases sticking to the hands; return the dough to the bowl, cover, let rise in a warm place till it has risen to double its size, lay the dough on a floured board and roll it out lightly to half an inch in thickness; cut into rounds, brush them over with a little melted butter, fold them double and lay in a buttered pan one inch apart, cover with a towel, let stand in a warm temperature till light, then bake to a fine golden color. When done brush them over with melted butter.

A Perfect Home.

The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rung clear. From the rosebud or clover-leaf, which in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be an ideal of a mother, wife and homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargements of wide culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—Helen Hunt.

Embroidery Don'ts.

Don't fail to use hoops for all large pieces of work.

Don't select crude, bright colors; delicate tones are much better.

Don't knot your threads. When single, run it backwards along the design for a little space, and work over the end. When double, pass the two ends through the eye of the needle, catching the loop on the under side of the material by passing the needle through, then drawing the thread taut and firm.

Don't put work on any poor design. Don't fail to make your edges close and firm. A frayed border gives a ragged appearance, besides repeated washing does not improve poor work.

Don't allow your silks, when working, to become rough. A careful worker keeps them in a case made for the purpose.

Don't put embroidery on coarse linen.

Don't draw your material. Embroider evenly, so that the under side is one of neat appearance.

Don't use too many colors in one piece of work. One flower, artistically treated, is more satisfactory.

Don't think all embroidery should be fine in character; splendid and rich effects are often gained by large stitches worked in a bold design.

Don't waste your labor on inferior materials. Linen should be pure in quality and not a mixture.

Hands and Brains

The man who works with his hands and the man who works with his head will each find in

Orange Meat

all the requirements of a perfect food.

Science and experience have proved the sustaining power of CANADA'S CEREAL FOOD.

Ask your Grocer for a Package

In Scotland there are forty-six parishes without paupers, poor rates or public-houses.

It is said that there are fourteen million people in Italy who can neither read nor write.



The Hurrying Hours.

How often the thought comes home to me,
As the moments hurry away,
Of the many things I intended to do
Somehow, some time, some day.
There are promises that have not been kept,
Though I always meant to be true,
But time is too short for all the things
That a body intends to do.

I will answer a letter, or read a book,
I will write a bit of rhyme;
I will do the things that I ought to do—
Some day when I have time.
So I look beyond, as I hope and plan
For the days that are just ahead,
While the day that is here goes into the grave
With its opportunities dead.

To-day is the only day we have,
Of to-morrow we can't be sure;
To seize the chance as it comes along
Is the way to make it secure.
For every day is a shorter year,
And this is a truth sublime—
A moment misspent is a jewel lost
From the treasury of time.

Helpful Thoughts for Girls.

Girls, while the men are working to build us homes, let us be making little things to beautify that home. While they are saving something to provide our little ones, which are to come, let us care for our health so that we may give our children sound bodies and good minds. And let us so mold our character that children and husband will think us each the dearest wife and mother in the world. God made us to be mothers, and if we would only care for our health it would be so much easier for us and better for all.

Dear tired sisters, I work in an office connected with a large factory. If you could see the "batch" and father as I see him, in dingy surroundings, with nothing that is beautiful to uplift them, you would thank God for the green fields that look so lonely, but lovely, and for the voices of little children in the place of thundering machines. Oh, mothers, it is not you that lead your little children, but they lead you to a more unselfish and pure life.

If the father is a little tired and cross, tell him how you love him, and how proud you are of him. It will not spoil him. It will make you both stronger and better. My life has been cast more among men than women, so I know them pretty well. They are only boys grown tall, and like to be treated as such. Above all, don't try to "boss"—a man feels that it is his right to do that. But let me tell you a secret: Always try to please him and he will do anything in the world for you. Any woman can mould a man if she choose into a strong, noble character, but she must use the tools God made for her to use, love, patience and cheerfulness, and the mightiest weapon of all, her dependence on man. If you do not believe me, try it. Do not say, "John, you might lift this tub for me, I should think," but say, "John, dear, you are so strong, it will only take you a moment to empty this tub, and poor little me, I would have to carry it off in the dipper!" Before you are through with this little speech, your tub will be emptied. But, above all, don't forget the "Thank you."—A Girl, in Farm, Stock and Home.

Make Lace Curtains Like New.

Lace curtains that have become dusty and soiled may be made to look like new ones if properly managed. If there are any holes or broken threads it is best to repair such places before washing them. The first thing to do by way of cleaning is to shake the curtains gently to remove the loose dust and then hang in the wind for a while, as there is nothing like a breeze for dislodging particles of dust from any kind of fabric.

Prepare a suds of soft water and pearline and let the curtains soak one-half hour; then wash them by squeezing in the hands and swashing them about in the water. Put the curtains through the wringer (they should

never be twisted in the hands) and into a clean pearline suds over the fire. Let them come gradually to a boil, pushing them down often with a smooth stick and boil ten or fifteen minutes. Take out and rinse in two waters, the last of which has a little bluing and a little cooked and strained starch mixed with it. Wring the curtains and shake them out gently, but thoroughly, changing the hands from one part to another in the shaking until every part has been treated and the meshes are free from the starched appearance so often seen in laundered curtains.

Have clean sheets pinned to the carpet in a spare room and spread the curtains on them, being careful to have the edges straight and every point and scallop in its proper shape. They should be slightly stretched as the lace has a tendency to draw up in washing, but care must be taken not to pull them enough to give a stretched appearance.

Let the curtains remain on the sheets until dry; then take up and hang at the windows again and you will be surprised at their new look. The shaking after wringing and the care used in avoiding a stretched appearance while drying are the details that are usually overlooked, and upon them depend much of the success to be obtained by this method.

Little Things "Tell."

A teaspoonful of warm honey taken every fifteen minutes has a surprising effect on catarrh.

A simple panacea for rheumatism consists of an ounce of saltpetre mixed thoroughly with one-half pint of sweet oil and rubbed on the parts affected.

Spinach not only contains salts of iron and potassium, but other salts, which are good for the liver and the blood; it, therefore, improves the complexion.

The juice of half a lemon squeezed into a glass of water, taken night and morning without sugar, is one of the simplest and best remedies for torpid liver and biliousness. Daily headaches, which medicine has failed to cure, will disappear, and the appetite will be considerably improved.

Never use soap on oilcloth. Wash oilcloth with a sponge and cold water and polish with a flannel. To improve the color and repolish when dim, beeswax and turpentine mixed and well rubbed in, very sparingly, will be found to greatly improve and restore both the coloring and smoothness of surface.

For taking down clothes, make yourself a large stout bag of heavy unbleached muslin, made like a pillow case. Run a wide tape through the hem, joining the ends of the tape together but leaving an opening down one side of the bag large enough to admit the various garments, large and small. Now fasten this bag on the clothes line, pinning it by the tapes—and as fast as the clothes are taken down slip them into the bag. This saves the stooping to put the things in a basket or soiling the clothes if the ground is muddy.

Baked Apple Dumplings.

Peel and core many apples

As your appetite may wish,

Six or eight—perhaps a dozen—

That would be a generous dish.

Make a dough like cracker biscuit,

Roll it thin—with skill and care,

Place an apple lightly on it—

Take your knife and cut it square—

Large enough to fold your fruit in.

Then within the vacant space

Of the core, a bit of butter,

Cinnamon and sugar place.

Draw your square up well together,

Pinch it gently on the top,

So your dough will be protected,

Lest the cooking juices pop.

When your apples are all covered,

Take a fork and prick them through.

'Twill prove better in the baking—

Half a dozen times will do.

Bake them slowly, and, while cooking,

Take of sugar just a cup,

And a modest lump of butter—

And with light hand cream them up.

Adding extract, and your hard sauce

Set it on ice to harden more;

Lift your apples from the oven,

And your labors will be o'er.

Serve them hot—the sauce adds flavor,

And each dumpling, firm and brown,

Is a practical achievement—

Adds a jewel to your crown.

Write To - Day for
New Illustrated
Premium List Free

Blue Ribbon
WINNIPEG.

Cream for Candies.

A confectioner says that the cream for making fine nut candies is made by beating the white of an egg with a tablespoonful of water; stir into this confectioner's sugar well sifted until it is thick enough to coat a spoon.

Some Good Rules for Women to Follow.

Cucumber peelings, boiled in water, will be found good for the skin. A slice of cucumber may be rubbed on the face instead of soap. Lemon juice will remove sunburn.

Elderflower water is famous for its cooling properties, as is also lavender water.

Never go out in blustery weather without a veil unless you wish a tanned skin or freckles.

Do not forget, when drying the face after washing, to rub upward toward the nose. It is said this prevents wrinkles and helps to smooth out to a great extent the crease alongside the nose.

Use neither hot nor cold water exclusively for bathing. A good rule to follow is a hot bath at night and a cold one in the morning, but be sure to take a bath daily if you wish to keep your skin in good condition.

Do not wear tight shoes if you desire a graceful carriage; no woman can walk comfortably or well in shoes that are too small for her feet. Do not wear too small gloves.

Avoid tight lacing, and all forms of dressing which compress the organs of the body.

Kitchen Ventilation.

The important subject of kitchen ventilation is discussed by an exchange. In seeking the cause for the proverbial crossness and illhealth of cooks, the blame is attached to the bad lighting, overheating and poor ventilation of the kitchens in which they spend so much time. While it is probable that professional cooks were under consideration when this idea was discussed, there is no doubt that the defects mentioned often apply with equal force to the home kitchen, and it is possible that those who equip such kitchens could improve the conditions with profit to themselves and the occupants. The stove dealer and tinsmith should point out that the cooking apparatus ought to be placed where the cook will not only have a good light on the work, but can also have the relief afforded by a nearby window. Such a window can be used with excellent advantage for the escape of excessive heat and for ventilation; and the proper location of the cooking apparatus should be pointed out to architects, builders, carpenters and owners. There are, however, many existing buildings where these desirable conditions are not found, and it is here that the greatest good and the most profit can be secured. In well-equipped kitchens, hoods are placed over the range to gather the steam and odors and carry them off. Sometimes the regular smoke flue cannot be used for a vent flue, and then a sheet-iron flue with ventilating hood will serve the purpose. Such equipment will exhaust the odors and carry off the foul air and surplus heat, and will lead to the need of some fresh air being brought into the kitchen without the chilling effect of opening a window in winter. This should be a simple detail, readily supplied where there is a constant fire, as in a cooking stove, by constructing a flue to bring the fresh air to the stove in such a way that it will be heated before it is discharged into the kitchen.—House Beautiful.

The Children.

Only keep them so—
Soft, warm and young,
The wee, feeble fingers,
The babbling tongue,
Tears that we kiss away,
Smiles that we win,
Careless of knowledge,
As guiltless of sin.

Only keep them so—
Frank and true and pure,
Of our full wisdom
So lovingly sure.
Our frown all they shrink from,
Our fiat their law,
Our store whence all gladness
They fearlessly draw.

Only keep them so—
Sweet hands that cling,
Sweet lips that laugh for us,
Sweet tones that ring,
Curly that we train to wave,
Feet that we guide,
Each fresh step a wonder,
Each new word a pride.

Only keep them so—
Women and men
Are the thins that circled us
Lovingly then,
Gentle and good to us,
Patient and strong,
Guarding our weakness
Bearing us long.

Her Birthday.

Honor dear old mother and make your love plain to her. Doubtless she is the object of much tender love and holy reverence. But have you manifested your affection as plainly as you should? You feel a worthy pride in her, long and useful career. But to her own retrospect, life's history is largely a record of failure; of efforts defeated and anticipations unfulfilled. She needs encouragement. Let her hear the praise that you feel she deserves. It will not make her vain, but may give her needed comfort. Let her have all the help of all sorts that love can bring her.

A lady who spent some time among the peasants of the Tyrol, writes the following:

"The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and, hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state. The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors were poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruits, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned. 'Is there a bride in the house?' I asked of my landlord. 'O, no,' he said; 'we do not make such a bother about our young people. It is grandmother's birthday.'

"The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each one who came."—The New World.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

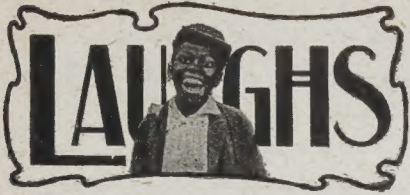
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



"After all," sighed the old bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison."
"Perhaps it is," rejoined the happy wife and mother, "to those who thrust solitary confinement upon themselves."

First Boy—My papa knows more than your papa does.

Second Boy—I bet he doesn't. Did you ever see my papa? His forehead reaches 'way to the back of his head.

The Parson (meeting Johnny, who is just returning from a bath)—Johnny, can you tell me where little boys who bathe on Sunday go to?

Johnny—Yes, sir. Yer come along o' me and I'll show yer.

"Are you sure you love me for myself alone?" asked the maid with the lemon-tinted hair.

"No," answered the smitten young man, "I cannot tell a lie. I love you for myself also. See?"—Chicago Daily News.

Teacher—Tommy, when was Rome built?

Tommy—In the night.
Teacher—How came you to make such a mistake?

Tommy—You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day.

Aunt Dorothy—How many Commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glibly)—ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine!

An unmarried preacher in a neighboring town, who was young and new in the harness, was leading the services at a young folks' meeting. "Oh, Lord," he prayed with fervent eloquence, "give us all clean hearts, pure hearts, humble hearts, sweet hearts." A titter went around the congregation, but the girls all responded "Amen!"—Poetone (Ill.) Vedette.

The obliging clerk had taken down piece after piece of goods until he could hardly see over the pile on the counter:

"I don't care to purchase today," remarked the shopper, as she turned away; I was only looking for a friend."

"There is one more piece on the shelf, madam," said the clerk; "your friend may be behind that."

"Why dae ye no' buy your meat off me noo?" asked a Glasgow butcher of one of his old customers who had recently taken to dealing with an opposition shop.

"Weel," replied the old woman, "the last I got frae ye I could hae soled ma buits wi' it."

"An' why did ye no' dae it?" asked the butcher, sarcastically.

"So I wud if I could hae got tacks tae gang through't"—Tit-Bits.

School teachers sometimes ask their pupils queer questions, if one may believe a story told by the youngest member of the Withington family.

His mother one morning discovered a shortage in her supply of cherry pies baked the day before, and her suspicions fell upon Johnny.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know what became of that cherry pie that was on the second shelf in the pantry?"

"Yes, mother," he replied; "I ate it. But I had to."

"You had to!" exclaimed his astonished mother. "What do you mean, child?"

"The teacher asked us yesterday if any of us could tell her how many stones there are in a cherry pie, and I couldn't find out without eating the whole pie, could I? There's just forty-two."

Isabel (to her mother)—"Oh! I was awfully scared today. John and I were out taking a walk, and we met the minister, and John asked him to join us."

"I am surprised that Gayboy didn't pay you. I thought the fellow had good points." "So have pins—yet they'll stick you!"—Judge.

Biggs—"My, but you have large ears!"

Diggs—"Yes. All I lack is your brains to be a perfect donkey!"—Chicago News.

"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am?" asked the cook. "I don't exactly know," replied the young housewife, "but cook them until they are real tender."—Chicago Post.

Teacher—I am so glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lessons.

Little Boy—Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses.

A six year old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

"Now, my little girls and boys," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin

"Say, Doc, if you happen to be out our way any time, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She don't seem to be feeling very well."

"What ails her? What are some of her symptoms?"

"I dunno. This morning, after she'd milked the cows and fed the pigs and got breakfast for the men and washed the dishes and built a fire under the boiler in the wash house and done a few little odd jobs round the house, she complained of feeling tired like. I shouldn't wonder if her blood was poor, and I guess she needs a dose of medicine."

Dix—"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

Hix—"Sure thing. Why, she won't put a porous-plaster on my chest until she's embroidered my initials on it."—New York Mail and Express.

Mistress (angrily)—"I thought you said you could do plain sewing."



"Gently Now."

drop." In a moment all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out, "Let her drop!"

"Our mamma is very kind to us. Every time we drink our cod liver oil without crying we get five cents each." "And what do you do with the money?" "Mamma buys more oil with it."

Schoolboy—"Did you know about that baby that was fed on elephant's milk, and gained twenty pounds a day?"

Schoolmaster (indignantly)—"No, I didn't. Whose baby was it? Answer me or I'll thrash you?"

Schoolboy—"The elephant's baby."

Mrs. Youngwed—You know Uncle Pincher said he was going to send us something that would help us to save our coal bills this year? Well, it came.

Mr. Youngwed—Really? A stock of coal?

Mrs. Youngwed—No. A little arrangement for filing bills.

New Maid—"So I did, ma'am."

Mistress—"Just look at the stitches in this apron you made. I can see them across the room."

New Maid—"Yes, ma'am. Isn't that plain enough to satisfy you, ma'am?"—Chicago Daily News.

"You admit you stole the melons?" said the judge. "Oh, yes, suh—I stole 'em!" "And yet you ask for mercy?" "Yes, suh—kase de white man kotched me fo' I had a chance ter eat um!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A canvassing lady named Green Said to Jones: "Buy a talking machine?"

"I've got one," he said, And he nursed his poor head. "She's the strongest that ever was seen."—Salt Lake Herald.

Cholly—Why did you discharge your man?

Algy—He was too ignowant. When evah I was writing a lettah and wanted to know how to spell a word, he had to look in the dictionawy."

Teacher—"In the sentence, 'Mary milks the cow,' what is the word cow?" Johnny—"Cow is a noun, feminine gender, and stands for Mary."

Teacher—"What nonsense! Why does cow stand for Mary?"

Johnny—"So Mary can tend to the milking."

Waggles—He couldn't remember why his wife tied a string around his finger, so he was afraid to go home, and stayed out all night.

Jaggles—What was it he should have remembered?

Waggles—To come home early.

"Mother's Lap."

And he said to a lad: "Carry him to his mother."

And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon.—II. Kings, iv., 19-21.

Your mother's lap! Did childhood have a Better place than that?

A better place to snuggle sleepily at twilight for a chat;

A tender arm about you, and a hand to stroke your hair

And lull you into dreamland while your head was pillowed there.

The wealth of fairy stories, and the Bible stories, too,

She told, and told, and told again, as mothers love to do,

Till eyes all wide with interest and bright with joyous gleams

Went shut, to see the fairies in your little land of dreams.

Your mother's lap! A haven—and a heaven, too, almost—

When little griefs of childhood all your heart and mind engrossed;

A place where you might tell her of the little sorry whiles

Until your tears had gone away, and she coaxed back the smiles.

No bed so rich in comfort, were you sick or were you well;

No song so sweet in melody as that which softly fell

From lips whose kisses banished every shadow or mishap—

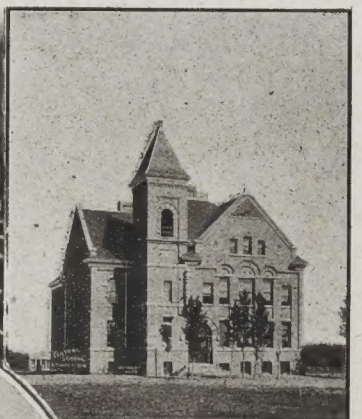
Did childhood have a better place for you than "mother's lap?"

—W. D. Nesbit.

Orange Meat

An Ideal Breakfast

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



The Happiest Man on Earth.

The man is to be envied who has a good farm well stocked and paid for. There is no life as independent and as free from care, unless one puts a lot of useless worry in it. The poor farmer deeply in debt certainly has an uphill pull, but even so, he is infinitely better off than his brother in the city in similar circumstances, for with a little effort the soil will give him a living, and the poor man in the city is gambling with fate to a large extent. A well equipped and well managed farm which is capable of turning out every year good crops and good stock is a kingdom in itself. No capitalist in the city lives better and more comfortably nowadays than the well-to-do farmer who has the telephone and the daily mail. He generally has what the city capitalist cannot buy at any price—peace and contentment.—Chicago Daily Sun.

Peculiar People.

Amongst the many peculiar customs prevalent among the people of Central America is that of parting for one year after the marriage ceremony has been solemnized. This custom has prevailed among the Jarnos from time immemorial. There is no courtship allowed to be carried on between the parties prior to the wedding. When a man selects a woman he obtains the consent of the parents on both sides, and if this is given they are at once married. The reason, however, for their not living together as man and wife for one year after marriage is in order to permit of the parties visiting and staying with their respective friends in different parts of the country, which is a customary thing, and occupies the time specified. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these marriages turn out well.

The Name Mary.

Mary as a Christian name was held in very singular veneration during the mediaeval ages, and in some parts of Europe there existed a superstitious reluctance among men to marrying any one who chanced to have been so christened, or the bride elect was at least required to change this name for some other of less sanctity.

All Marys were at one time believed to be invested with extraordinary powers in connection with the affairs of life. Bearing the same name as the Blessed Virgin, they were considered worthy of more than common consideration, and their personal influence over their husbands especially was unusual; hence many men sought authoritative ordinances forbidding their wives to be

known as Mary. Sovereigns, in some cases, dreading subjection to their partners, showed a marked distaste for Marys.

Thus Alfonso IV. of Castile, when on the point of wedding a Moorish maiden, made it a condition of the marriage that at her baptism, as a recent convert to Christianity, she should not take this name. In the articles settled for the union of Ladislas of Poland with Marie de Nevers there was a clause which bound this princess to change her name to Aloysa. Casimir I. of Poland, who married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Russia, required of her a similar sacrifice to popular sentiment.—Pearson's Weekly.

Speed and Endurance of Dogs.

Dogs and wild animals of the same family are remarkable for their quickness and staying powers in running, as every one knows. A fox terrier, for example, will follow his master's carriage for hours with no signs of fatigue. Wolves will travel sixty miles in a night. Nansen saw Arctic foxes on the ice nearly five hundred miles from land, and found their tracks in the snow on the parallel of 85 degrees north. Eskimau dogs can travel forty-five miles in five hours, according to Hayes, who recites that he once drove his dog team seven miles in half an hour. A Siberian dog, on good ice, will draw about eighty pounds; our ordinary dogs, at full speed, run at the rate of from 33 to 49 feet per second; setters and pointers about 18½ to 21 7-10 miles per hour, and they can maintain this speed for two or even three hours. Fox hounds are very fast, and in a recent trial one of them beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in 6½ minutes. Greyhounds can run at the rate of 59 to 75 feet per second. Horses cannot exceed 63 feet per second.

An Interesting Book.

Inventors and manufacturers are frequently puzzled to know just how to proceed to protect their inventions and much valuable time is lost in acquiring information required. There is probably no profession in which technical questions are of such frequent occurrence as in patent soliciting, and there is no field of speculation in which greater care should be exercised before deciding upon a course of action. A valuable invention, when properly protected by Letters Patent, procured by qualified technical experts, means a fortune to its lucky owner, but the same invention patented by unskilful persons may be practically of no value because of failure to properly protect the essential features of the novelty which are of most value. The reason for patent monopoly; possibility of secret use of an invention; nature and policy of patents; time required to procure a patent and the course and treatment of an application in the patent office are interestingly discussed in a recent publication issued by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Solicitors, of Montreal, and called "The Inventor's Adviser." In addition to giving a summary of the law and practice relating to patent matters, the book contains a large number of court decisions relating to patent law both in Canada, the United States and other countries, and much interesting matter not to be found elsewhere. The book is issued to answer questions of frequent occurrence relating to patents and inventions, and will be of great service to manufacturers and inventors. The price of the book is One Dollar, but we have made arrangements so that our subscribers will be supplied with copies at 25 cents each, provided they name this paper when writing to Marion & Marion, of Montreal, for copies.

In Siam some of the women entrust their children to the care of elephant nurses, and it is said that the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants who are very careful not to hurt their little charges.

Prize Offerings

It is our aim to improve THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY as time passes, and to make the journal more and more a home paper. It has been very gratifying to us to know that our efforts have been appreciated, and we pass on to pastures new. From time to time we have sought to encourage western literary talent, and now offer the following:

A prize of \$6.00 for the best historical sketch of Manitoba, \$4.00 for the second, \$3.00 for the third, \$2.00 for the fourth, and \$1.00 for the fifth.

The same amounts for a like article on Assiniboia.

Similar amounts for an article on Alberta.

Like amounts for an article on Saskatchewan.

CONDITIONS:

The articles to be written by individuals not over 16 years of age.

Each writer to be a paid-in-advance subscriber to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY for one year from date of mailing the contribution.

The article to be written on one side of the paper only.

All articles sent in to be the property of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY. Any one, or all of them to be used in the columns of the paper if we think well.

The names and addresses of the individuals writing to be given with each article.

Where mention of individuals resident in the Province or Territories is made, year in which they came to this country, and where they came from, to be given.

Each article to be not more than 2,000 words. Brevity will be one of the main considerations in deciding the prizes.

All articles to be in our hands before the close of 1904.

He Kept His Word.

An examiner at Edinburgh University had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The University in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of cloak rooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere. This examiner announced one day that if he found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some naughty undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's hat, and placed it on the desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall, every eye was fixed on him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if this occurred again." Then he took his penknife from his pocket, opened it, and blandly cut the hat in pieces amidst prolonged applause.

Transplanting a Forest.

The patriotism of Bostonians in regard to the care of their historic Common is well known to every visitor to that city. Indeed, it is reported that the chief horticulturist, who has charge of the Common, receives a salary second only to that of the mayor. A worthy precedent may be suggested by contrasting the popular apathy to the recent wanton destruction of historic trees in our own Germantown with the following description of the ingenious method contrived and conscientious care exercised for the preservation of certain trees on Boston Common. Owing to the filling up of portions of the Common to a higher level, these trees were in danger of being destroyed. Superinten-

dent Dougue, however, successfully raised thirty-one trees, varying in weight from eight to forty-six tons. The method adopted was as follows: First of all a trench was dug around each tree at a distance of about five feet from the base, and of varying depth, according to the size of the tree, which in some cases necessitated an excavation of five feet. In all cases, however, the holes were deep enough not to disturb the principal roots of the trees. When this was done the earth remaining around the roots was frozen into a solid mass by means of refrigerating machinery, and then the tree and earth were raised by derricks in the manner usually employed for raising buildings. When raised sufficiently high the hole beneath was filled in with well-tamped earth. In this way the larger and smaller roots were not disturbed from their usual intimate contact with the earth, and consequently no ill effects could result. The magnitude of the work is indicated by the fact that the largest tree treated in this manner had a diameter of two and one-half feet, with a circumference of seven and one-half feet. Its height is eighty feet, with a spread of sixty feet. The weight of the tree and earth raised was forty-six tons. Certainly the preservation of this majestic patriarch of the forest was well worth the trouble expended.

It was John Randolph, of Roanoke, who said in Congress that he had discovered perpetual motion, and that it was very simple, being the fact that

"Paper makes money,
Money makes banks,
Banks make poverty,
Poverty makes rags,
Rags make paper,
Paper makes money,
Money makes banks."

Teething Time

You will have no trouble with your baby during the teething period if you give

STORKS' CURE-A-TOT

This pleasant preparation helps them through the critical time—keeps their digestive organs right and their bowels regular. It is harmless and good for the little ones.

Storks' Cure-a-Tot, Price 35c.

Sold by all Druggists.

The Martin, Bole & Wynne Co.
Sole Proprietors.

WINNIPEG, - - CANADA.

The Western Home Monthly

Clubbing List

All taking advantage of our liberal clubbing offers *must pay* their subscription to *The Western Home Monthly* one year in advance.

If in arrear, send fifty cents for the year behind, and the amount of the clubbing offer selected.

Be sure to state in your letter to us the name of the paper you want or give the number of the offer accepted in the blank provided on the coupon below.

Send your money by postal note, post office money order, express money order, or registered letter.

**ALL NEW SUBSCRIBERS FORWARDING FIFTY CENTS
AT ONCE WILL RECEIVE THE BALANCE OF 1904 FREE.**

1. The Western Home Monthly, only 50c.	16. The Daily News, Toronto... ..\$2.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	33. Canadian Kennel Gazette\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	48. Outdoor Life\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.00.
2. The Free Press News Bulletin (evening)\$3.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$3.25.	17. The Orange Sentinel, Toronto ..\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	34. The Ottawa Free Press (Daily)..\$5.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.25.	49. Poultry Success 50c. With The Western Home Monthly, 75c.
3. The Canadian Thresherman... .. 50c. With The Western Home Monthly, 75c.	18. La Patrie, Daily, Montreal... ..\$3.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$3.00.	35. Canadian Poultry Review\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	50. The Daily Witness, Montreal ..\$3.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.75.
4. Semi-Weekly Citizen, Ottawa\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	19. Poultry News, N.J. 25c. With The Western Home Monthly, 50c.	36. Toronto Saturday Night\$2.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.00.	51. The Weekly Witness, Montreal ..\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, 75c.
5. Le Cultivateur (weekly edition of La Patrie, Montreal)\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	20. The Daily Star, Toronto\$3.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.25.	37. The Housekeeper, Minneapolis .. 60c. With The Western Home Monthly, 75c.	52. World Wide, Montreal\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, 75c.
6. The Nor'-West Farmer\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	21. The Daily Telegram (Western Ontario and anywhere in Manitoba except west of Brandon)\$6.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$6.25.	38. What-To-Eat\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.00.	53. Northern Messenger 30c. With The Western Home Monthly, 55c.
7. The Family Herald and Weekly Star\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	22. The Daily Telegram (all west of Brandon, Eastern Ontario and United States)\$4.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$4.25.	39. The Ram's Horn\$1.50 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.50.	54. The Daily Journal, Ottawa\$3.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.50.
8. The Daily Free Press (Western Ontario and anywhere in Manitoba, except west of Brandon)\$6.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$6.25.	23. The Weekly Telegram \$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	40. Collier's Weekly\$5.20 With The Western Home Monthly, \$5.50.	55. The Ottawa Valley Journal (semi- weekly)\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.00.
9. The Daily Free Press (All west of Brandon, Eastern Ontario and United States)\$4.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$4.25.	24. The Weekly Times, Hamilton\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	41. Vick's Family Magazine 50c. With The Western Home Monthly, 75c.	56. Scribner's Magazine\$3.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$3.25.
10. The Weekly Free Press\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	25. The Daily Tribune\$2.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.25.	42. Vick's Family Magazine, with The Western Home Monthly and Green's Fruit Grower 80c.	57. Lippincott's Monthly Magazine..\$2.50 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.75.
11. The Daily Globe, Toronto\$2.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.25.	26. The Weekly Tribune\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	43. Vick's Family Magazine, with The Western Home Monthly, The House- keeper and McCall's Magazine... ..\$1.25	58. McClure's Magazine\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.
12. The Weekly Globe, Toronto\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	27. The Daily Tribune, Minneapolis..\$3.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.75.	44. Vick's Family Magazine, with The Western Home Monthly, The Ameri- can Boy and The Housekeeper ..\$1.50	59. Munsey's Magazine\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.
14. The Daily Mail and Empire, Toronto\$2.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.25.	28. St. Paul Pioneer Press\$3.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$3.25.	45. The Union Gospel News 50c. With The Western Home Monthly, 50c.	60. The Argosy... ..\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.
15. The Weekly Mail and Empire, Toronto\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	31. Canadian Bee Journal\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	46. The Union Gospel News 50c. With "Driven Back to Eden" and The Western Home Monthly, 75c.	61. The Youth's Companion\$1.75 With The Western Home Monthly, \$2.00.
	32. The American Agriculturist\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.25.	47. The Open Court\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.00.	62. Building News\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.00.
			63. The Criterion\$1.00 With The Western Home Monthly, \$1.00.

Cut out the following and send it with the amount:

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

HOME PUBLISHING CO.,
Stovel Building, Winnipeg.

Enclosed find Dollars.....Cents,
for subscription to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY and

and the FARMERS' AND RANCHERS' BUSINESS GUIDE.

This is Name
for offer Write Christian Name in full.

No. Post Office.....

HOME PUBLISHING COMPANY
Stovel Building, Winnipeg, Man.

The Farmers' and Ranchers' Business Guide

Free with any of the above

and premiums that may be offered for 1905
with any of the papers.

See inside back cover for particulars as
to the Farmers' and Ranchers' Guide.